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1320

The Australian

1841-2

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

July 15, 1964

PRICE



*Snow Maiden
See page 2*

**40 ANNUALS
TO PLANT
FOR SPRING**

**WHAT THE STARS
FORETELL FOR
THE BEATLES**

**Reader's story:
"MY BUDGET BABY"**

"I couldn't ask for a cleaner wash"



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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4000, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 1350, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 4000, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 4910, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

July 15, 1964

Vol 32, No.

CONTENTS

Special Features

Mary Quant Fashions 29
Sowing and Planting Guide 37
"I had my baby on a budget"

Fiction

Saturday Song, Valerie Watkinson
Shadows on the Water, Honoria Tirbutt
A Call from Austria (Serial — Part 3),
Martha Albrand
Date With a Doctor, Isabel Johnston 26

Regular Features

Social 12
Worth Reporting
TV Parade
Letter Box, Ross Campbell
Stars
Mandrake, Crossword

Fashion

Needlework Notions
Fashion Frocks
Butterick Patterns

Family Affairs

Collectors' Corner, Home Hints
Transfer
At Home with Margaret Sydney
Cookery: Hamburger Steak
Prize Recipes, Low-Calorie Recipe
Be Your Own Handyman

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Our fiction is rather cosmopolitan this week — the authors, all women, are Australian, Irish, and American.

VALERIE WATKINSON, who lives in the Sydney suburb of Caringbah, is not only one of our most popular authors . . .

Nowadays, she's making a name for herself in overseas magazines, too. (You'll find her story, "Saturday Song," on page 21.)

Isabel Johnston, who wrote "Date With a Doctor," on pages 26 and 27, hails from Long Island, New York; Martha Albrand (author of our exciting mystery serial "A Call From Austria") is also an American.

Honoria Tirbutt ("Shadows on the Water," page 23) was born in Ireland, but she grew up in England. She lives with her husband and their three teenage children in the county of Worcestershire.

But our fiction department assures us that her story isn't saucy!

★ ★ ★

IN our June 24 issue we published a reader's hint for cleaning plastic curtains by soaking them in a solution of kerosene and water.

We have since been advised by a leading plastic manufacturer that plastic curtains should not be soaked in such a mixture.

The manufacturer says plastic curtains can be cleaned with a mild detergent and warm water, then rinsed and hung to dry.

Our Cover

● Aged 13, Miss Amanda Feiersinger is already a fashion-conscious lady of the snow slopes.

Amanda, daughter of Fritz and Margo Feiersinger, of Maritz Lodge, Perisher Valley, Mt. Kosciusko, N.S.W., wears a parka snow suit which her father bought for her in Sydney.

"Fritz searched town for a suit small enough for Mandy," said Mrs. Feiersinger, "and now she has started quite a vogue in the valley."

Fritz Feiersinger came to Australia from Tyrol, Austria. He and his wife, formerly Margo Crothers, of Glen Innes, N.S.W., settled at Perisher Valley more than four years ago.

Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

For any spots this treatment fails to remove, contact the manufacturer of the plastic, who will advise additional treatment.

We published the hint in good faith. But some plastics may react differently from others, and we greatly regret any inconvenience this may have caused our readers.

McHALE MARRIES AGAIN

● When Ernest ("McHale's Navy") Borgnine married Broadway star Ethel Merman on June 27, it was one of the year's most newsworthy weddings.

Both the 55-year-old bride (who carried a bouquet of daisies) and the 47-year-old groom (who carried only 14 stone instead of his usual 18) said it had been love at first sight when they met at a Hollywood party last November.

The wedding (his third and her fourth) was held in the garden of Borgnine's Beverly Hills (Hollywood) home.

BELOW: The newlyweds chat with Mitzi Gaynor, one of the guests at the wedding.





A SKIER TEMPTS FATE and hopes to reach the far side of the road during filming for a Warren Miller production, made in Zurs, Austria, last year.



MILLER, camera in hand, swings around to shoot a skier in powder snow. He used to be a ski instructor.

An upside-down movie man for "down under"

By MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

● If you're an accomplished skier bored with schussing down easy slopes, you may find the Warren Miller technique an opportunity for new snow thrills.

A FORMER ski instructor, 39-year-old Warren Miller, U.S. ski-film producer, often goes the hard way. He clutches a movie camera and with his head bent between his knees photographs the racer speeding down the slope behind him.

At something over 40 miles an hour, that's not easy, even for the most accomplished skier.

"Nevertheless, that kind of contortionist photography is all in a day's work for Warren," said his partner, Canadian Cameron Cooper, who is organising the filming of Australian snow slopes for the next Miller production.

"Warren's method of 'instinct' or 'blind' skiing has developed to a peak of amazing perfection.

"For about half a day he studies the run he and the racer will take for the filming, until he knows every hump on the course.

"By the time they streak off for the real thing, Warren rarely has a fall.

"To the awe-stricken on-

lookers it's a feat in itself worth watching, but for Warren it's a necessity, since it's the only successful way to film the movement of a downhill skier."

Just on ten years ago Warren Miller gave up ski-teaching for camera-clicking, and he has produced a film a year ever since.

On the move

"Nothing but snow films, of course," said Cameron. For Miller was always a "snow-drifter" — living only for winter, for snow, and for skiing.

Now he has had worldwide acclaim for such films

as "Around the World on Skis," "The Many Moods of Skiing," and "The Sound of Skiing." Some of his films are being shown on Australian television.

While Miller's cameras shoot at one resort, advance-man Cameron makes arrangements at the next for more skiers to participate when the film unit arrives.

In their search for powder snow and sunshine they have travelled about 1,500,000 miles.

"From October to April each year we go to about 130 American and European ski resorts — everywhere from magnificent Courcheval in



RISKS are often taken to film skiers from unusual angles, as in this picture of a jump by American Sugar Bowl ski-school director Junior Bounous.

France to the powdery Sugar Bowl in U.S.A.," Cameron said.

"Sometimes we hop planes at the rate of six a day to get as much filming done as quickly as possible.

"We kill two birds with one stone by filming during the day and showing at night the production filmed the previous year in whatever resort or city we happen to be working.

"Then in summer Warren locks himself away at his home in California and, with the help of his wife, Doty, and the hindrance of their four children, spends the entire vacation cutting, editing, and taping his narration for the film.

"One of his talents is a delightful sense of humor and a knack of making even the most serious-minded fanatic laugh at himself.

"For instance, as one skier

with a very toothy grin glides happily toward the camera, the typical Miller comment is, 'Oh, by the way, Jack IS a dentist!'

"By autumn the new film is ready for release, and the cycle starts again."

This year the Warren Miller unit will film ski fields in Australia and New Zealand for a 90-minute documentary of skiing "down under."

"It's the first time Australian skiing has been given so much attention in a film to be shown throughout the world," said Cameron.

"We hope to make it an enticement drawing Americans to your country for what they would call summer skiing safaris."

In previous ski films Australian slopes have been little more than glimpsed.

Then last year, while War-

ren Miller was busy editing "The Sound of Skiing" in his Californian darkroom, Cameron Cooper travelled to Australia for a three-month pre-inspection of the snow-fields in New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania.

"The luckiest"

He learned that Australia possesses a greater area of skiable terrain than the whole of Switzerland, nearly all of it free from the hazards of avalanche and crevasse.

"You are probably the luckiest skiers in the world," he told me.

The film will include scenes starring the Swiss Ski Team, who will visit Australia on their way to ski in New Zealand in August.

Cameron, who joined Miller productions "to get away from the chaos of Californian business," admits he's not up to his partner's standard when it comes to skiing — except on "shorties."

These are the newest American gimmick for "instant skiing." Designed by instructor Cliff Taylor, of Vermont, they measure a mere 18in. to 36in.

"That's sacrilege to the earnest skier who battles with the normal seven-footers," said Cameron, "but the shorties are all the rage in America.

"They're lots of fun for anyone and a sure morale-builder for the beginner. Shortie control depends on the twist of the foot rather than weight shift as with normal skis.

"Within a day the beginner is proudly doing parallel turns along with his veteran friends — with little chance of falling, let alone injury."



WARREN MILLER



CAMERON COOPER

BRIGITTE BEGGED ... JO SANG ... THE TINIES PRAYED



BRIGITTE BARDOT

From MARCELLE POIRIER, in Paris

● Thanks to Brigitte Bardot's kind heart and initiative, Josephine Baker's 11 adopted children will not have to go to an orphanage, as seemed inevitable a few weeks ago.



IN THEIR CASTLE, negro singer Josephine Baker leads her 11 adopted children, from nine countries, in prayer to save their home. The girl, Noel, was found as a baby in a Paris dustbin.



JOSEPHINE, now 60, in one of her singing comebacks.

WHEN it was announced that the furniture and equipment of the Chateau of Milandes, where Josephine has been struggling against growing debts to keep her multi-racial family together, were to be auctioned to pay her creditors, B.B. jumped into a taxi and went round to the Paris TV centre.

There she begged to be allowed to make an appeal in favor of Josephine.

B.B.'s nationwide TV appeal has had immediate results. Though much remains to be done to keep the children free from similar threats in the future, enough money has already been donated to prevent them from being separated from their adopted mother.

The first cheque to reach the account opened by Josephine's lawyer was one for £1000 from Brigitte herself.

This spontaneous gesture by France's No. 1 glamour girl is typical. Once before she begged for TV time to plead for humane killing at the meat market in Paris, and the indignation she aroused has led to a law laying down important reforms in the treatment of animals.

It is 12 years since Josephine Baker and her husband, the jazz musician Jo Bouillon, decided to adopt children of different races and creeds and bring them up together to prove that international understanding was not an empty ideal.

This family was to be the answer to the humiliations Josephine suffered as a child in St. Louis and even at the height of her career (she was turned away from one of New York's major hotels because of her coffee skin).

In France she made her castle with fairy-tale turrets in the wilds of the Dordogne hills, which she had bought

before the war, into an estate which was to be a home for the children and source of revenue for their upbringing.

Jo and Jo, as they liked to be called then, opened a restaurant, rotisserie, swimming-pool, and hotel. They made part of the 400-acre estate into an amusement park rather like the one the Duke of Bedford runs.

Their hopes never came to anything. The chateau proved to be too far off the

French, both 7, Mara, 5, a Venezuelan Indian, and Noel, the baby found in a Paris dustbin on Christmas Eve four years ago.

For these ten boys and one girl Josephine is really Maman, a loving mother who cossets and scolds, teaches and plays with them. They are a united family, and never ask why their skins are different colors.

Each child has his own tragic history, but Josephine

to adopt Jarry, so there would be a Finn in her international family.

Mara was found living among a herd of goats when he was two. The head of the Indian tribe to which the goats belonged feared at first that Josephine wanted to sell the child to white people for meat.

Both Marianne's and Ibrahim's parents were massacred on a farm during the Algerian war, and the two babies,

trying to meet the flood of bills. She sold her personal possessions and even tried to farm her land.

A few weeks ago, at the age of 60, she went to the Olympia for another three weeks to try to stave off bankruptcy.

stage from time to time to provide for herself and help meet current expenses.

So the story will have a happy ending and the children will not know until they are grown-up that they were nearly separated from their mother.

Josephine, who during her desperate and solitary struggle to avoid financial disaster has never shed a tear or uttered a complaint, now weeps unashamedly with relief.

Two days before Brigitte made her appeal, when it seemed that nothing could prevent the break-up of the family, it was Mother's Day. Jo, with characteristic generosity (which is one of the causes why Milandes was never a paying proposition), shared her last few francs among the children so they could buy presents for those of the staff who were mothers.

She nearly broke down when the children brought bouquets of wildflowers to her as a Mother's Day tribute, flowers they had been out to collect before breakfast.

But her first tears came when she sat in front of a TV set in the neighboring village to listen to B.B.'s appeal.

Now she allows herself the luxury of weeping when each batch of cheques arrives.

"Everyone is so good," she repeats. "Everyone is so good. It was all my fault—I just don't know how to be a businesswoman."

She will have no need to try. She can just be a mother, a role in which she is eminently successful.

Happy days again for the one-world family

tourist beat. Moreover, neither Jo Bouillon nor Jo Baker had any head for business. Each year they lost a little more money.

Four years ago the 56-year-old Josephine returned to the stage to get the estate out of debt.

Her three weeks' appearance in Paris at the Olympia, the great variety theatre, was a triumph. Thirty years after she had made her first appearance in a negro dance act she was as dynamic as ever, and wore her tight-fitting sequin sheaths and fantastic feather headdress with the sexy insolence that used to put her on the same level as Mistinguette and Maurice Chevalier.

The chateau, however, went on losing money, and later the two Jos separated. Josephine even accepted responsibility for her husband's debts so that she could keep the children together at Milandes.

Her family consists of 12-year-old Akyo, a Korean, Janot, 12, from Japan, Luis, 11, from Columbia, Jarry, 11, a Finn, Jean Claude, 11, from Paris, ten-year-old Moise, from Israel, Koffi, 8, from the Ivory Coast, Ibrahim, a Berber, and Marianne, North African

has saved them from the consequences.

Akyo was found half dead in a tunnel after a bombardment of Seoul—and now considers himself the man of the family. Luis, a Columbian negro, was abandoned in a deserted village.

Josephine found Janot in a Tokyo orphanage, Koffi in an Ivory Coast orphanage, Jean Claude and Moise in Paris orphanages. The Finnish Government asked her

the only survivors, were found together in a cradle.

All the children are called Bouillon, but their mother insists they have instruction in their own language and religion, although this creates innumerable problems. When they reach 14 she wants them to return to school in their native lands, coming home for the holidays.

For the past four years Josephine struggled on alone



LETTERS containing donations to the fund to re-establish her family are opened by Josephine. The chateau is now to be sold.

Finally her credit was exhausted. The electricity and phone were cut off and she could buy no food except for cash. Her creditors demanded the selling-up of the chateau, and Josephine and her family faced disaster.

Now, thanks to B.B. and the generosity of thousands of people across the world, the immediate crisis is over. To keep the family intact Bruno Cocquatrix, owner of the Olympia Music Hall, formed a committee.

Members are the writers Andre Maurois and Francois Mauriac, the actor Paul Belmondo, General Koenig, Paul Derval, grand old man of the Folies Bergeres, the newspaper magnate Pierre Lazareff, and Marcel Dassault, the aircraft designer whose wife was kidnapped for a few days earlier this year.

They will administer the fund created to help Josephine, and have convinced her that she must sell the estate, which is not an economic proposition, and buy a house.

What money remains will be put into a trust fund for the children's education. Josephine will return to the



Medic relieves congestion with every breath

With every breath, Medic's soothing medicated vapour relieves the distressing coughing and congestion of colds. Medic is the modern way to fight the discomfort of colds. Just press the button and instantly Medic's soothing vapour penetrates to relieve congestion and help make breathing easier. Spray Medic at night and give your children relief while they sleep.

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ASK YOUR CHEMIST



HE KNOWS

BUSY LITTLE FOLK

● "I like finger painting best," three-year-old Janette lisped. Then she leaned toward me confidentially: "I'm having a party today—are you coming?"

JANETTE was one of the many children I fell in love with when I spent a morning at the Forest Lodge Day Nursery and Nursery School.

Forest Lodge, one of 16 similar centres administered by the Sydney Day Nursery and Nursery Schools' Association, accommodates 45 children.

"We care for children and babies who for various reasons need our care or whose mothers must work to support their families," said Mrs. J. Warry, an association committee member.

By Jenny Irvine

"The association does a wonderful job—but it is desperately in need of funds."

"The nurseries and schools have only been able to continue through the help of voluntary committees, government grants, and contributions from parents and public."

Their official day this year is July 10.

In Sydney and other parts of New South Wales more than 1000 children attend the

nurseries and schools, which are open from Monday to Friday, from early morning until late afternoon, 49 weeks of the year.

Matron H. Gibson, who is in charge of Forest Lodge, said: "It's a full-time job—but wonderful!" She looks after 15 babies.

"We become so attached to the children it is heartbreaking when they turn five and go to school," a student trainee told me.



"BEATLE hairdo, sir?" Michael, 4, and John, 3, play barbers with scissors and combs of plastic.

"THERE! That'll look wonderful!" says Julie, aged 3. Onlooker Debbie seems to think so, too.

NEARLY TWO YEARS OLD, Janet is not at all sure whether she likes having her photograph taken. But she is sure of one thing—it's HER dolly. What's the dolly called? "My baby," she said.



FINGER-PAINTING artist Janette pauses, like a true artist, to take a critical view of her "work."

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



Scrumptious breakfast — any-time snack!

TRY THIS DRY-MIX SHORT CUT TO SUNSHINE AMERICAN HOTCAKES

rich with Sunshine's full-cream goodness

Piping hot, light and golden every time you follow the easy Sunshine Dry-Mix method! Just take 1 cup S.R. flour, 4½ tbsp. Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, ½ tspn. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. sugar, 1 egg, 5 oz. water, 1 tbsp. melted butter. Sift dry ingredients and add sugar. Beat egg lightly and add water and the melted butter. Beat half the liquid into the dry mixture until



smooth, then beat in remaining liquid. That's quick, smooth batter the Sunshine Dry-Mix way. Heat frying pan or griddle, grease and pour in ¼ cup of batter. Cook until bubbly and browned at edges. Turn and cook on other side. Makes 6 large or 12 small hotcakes. Serve with butter, bacon and maple syrup, U.S.A. style. Vary with honey and butter or with ice cream and sweet sauce.



Footprints of the Dreamtime dinosaur



SCIENTISTS think these footprints, near Broome, W.A., were made by a giant dinosaur. The boy's ancestors ascribed them to a huge bird of the Dreamtime.

- About 120 million years ago a giant creature left footprints along the edges of an estuary, a few miles from where the town of Broome, Western Australia, now stands.

A SUDDEN flood brought down sand to cover the creature's tracks, and they were preserved.

Year after year more sand was added until under the pressure of overlying material the loose sand hardened into rock.

Millions of years went by. The rock became harder, was lifted above sea level, and lowered once more.

Then this old red sand, now a red sandstone, became a line of cliffs.

Relentlessly, like a giant saw, the sea ate into the hard sandstone until those footprints, buried for a 120 million years, once more were open to sea and sky.

Aborigines, searching the sea's edge for fish to spear and shellfish to gather, thought the giant footprints were those of a giant bird — much bigger than any living emu.

The bird must have lived in the legendary Dreamtime, they believed.

The late Mr. L. Glauret wrote in the Western Australian Naturalist, a scientific journal:

"The tracks have long been familiar to the aborigines, who have given them the name of Warragunna

and who have a legend to account for their origin.

"The story is that a native walking along the beach noticed the tracks and at once began to follow them.

"Suddenly, a very large bird was seen trying to get across the bay.

"When the bird turned and came towards him the native fled, not stopping until he reached Willy's Creek, where his footprint can be seen."

Judging by the size of the "dinosaur" footprints, one can hardly blame the native for taking off at high speed.

I have not seen the footprint at Willy's Creek, but have studied the giant footprints at Broome.

They were first brought to scientific notice by a Walter Jones, who found the prints in 1945 and made a cast now in the Museum.

Armed with this information, I went to see for myself.

Only at very low tide are the prints uncovered, and then only for a few hours.

We worked swiftly, pouring the plaster, and when it hardened lifted it in triumph.

It was a perfect cast, and later featured as an exhibit in the Perth Wild Life show. There were about 20 prints on the reef, half be-

ing under an overlying slab of rock.

So, as the years go by and the sea eats in still further, more prints will be revealed. They should become a tourist attraction.

In America, where dinosaurs have been more lavish

By VINCENT SERVENTY
a naturalist, of Perth

with their tracks, there are national parks devoted to their preservation.

In some places, actual tracks can be bought to use as wall decorations or even as flagstones for a path.

It is therefore appropriate that a recent expedition was sponsored by the American Museum of Natural History. Dr. E. H. Colbert, an expert on these fossils, supervised the casting of the prints.

His conclusion is that they were made by a carnivorous type of dinosaur.

The great age of reptiles was the Mesozoic, and for millions of years they flourished mightily.

Today they remain as a tiny remnant of the glories that have gone, and crocodiles are the nearest approach to the giant dinosaurs of the past.

Some of the dinosaurs topped 50 tons and this makes them the heaviest of land animals, though the blue whale, with a weight of 150 tons, exceeds them in the sea.

Yet with this huge weight went many disadvantages.

One giant reptile, weighing as much as an elephant, had a brain of only two and a half ounces, compared to that of an elephant's 10lb.

(Man's brain weighs 3lb.).

But the same animal made up for the smallness of the brain by having a second "brain" near the hips.

This was 20 times as big and no doubt worked the rear end of the animal.

But this was a clumsy way of doing things, so we humans could easily outwit the mighty 30ft. high and 100ft. long dinosaurs.

A British scientist, Dr. W. Swinton, summed up their abilities by saying that though their senses were well developed, and they no doubt had some system of voice, their intelligence was low and "therefore stealth and cunning formed no part of the Mesozoic world, in which they are often pictured with too much agility and comprehension."

Still, no doubt science fiction films will portray them as in the past, savage, gigantic, and cunning.

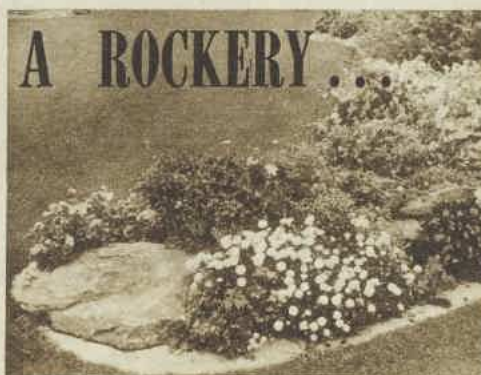
NEXT WEEK

Complete medical survey from Britain on ...

THE PILL

Is it completely safe — now, and in the long run?

This medical survey quotes leading specialists and general practitioners on The Pill: its past and its future.



... to beautify your garden

Rock gardens have wonderful possibilities for the gardener; there's such scope for landscaping and for "special" plants ...

In six new pages for your gardening book you'll find plenty of rockery suggestions.

PLUS

Rose pruning

A comprehensive, step-by-step guide in pictures shows you exactly how to prune roses (including the special treatment required by standard and climber roses).

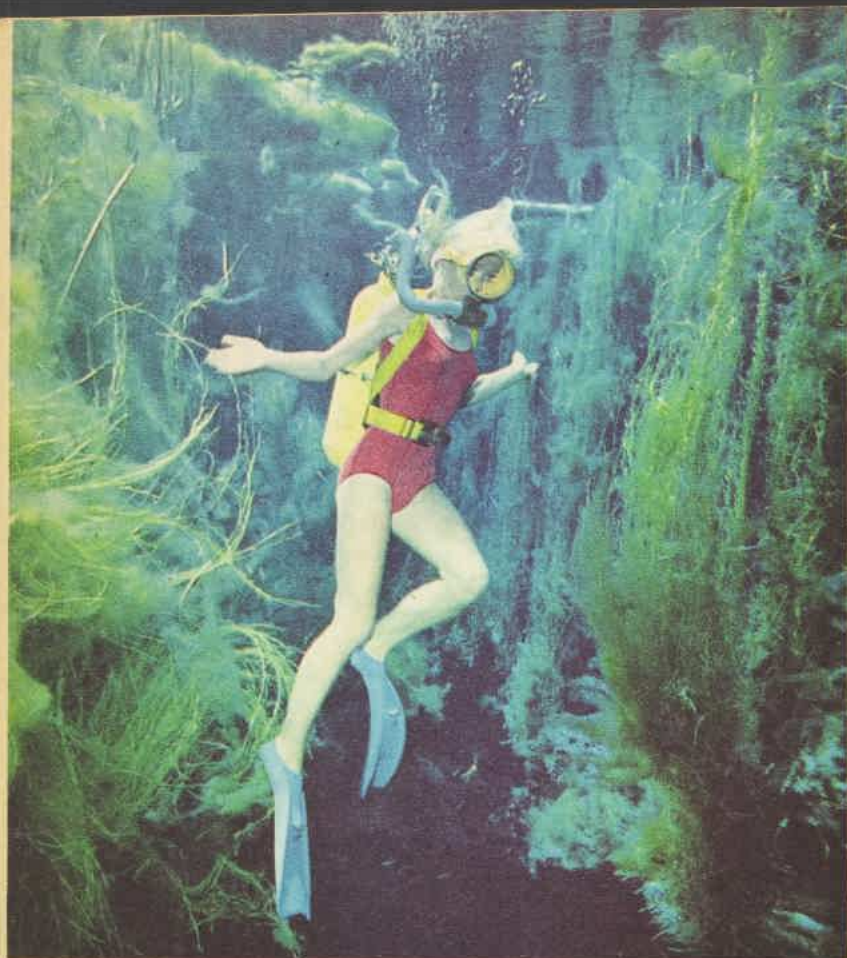


Made in minutes, and ...

Mixed in one bowl

Our delicious cake and biscuit recipes are quickly, easily made — and they're quickly and easily eaten, too!





EERIE BEAUTY of a 100ft.-deep limestone chasm in the fresh-water Piccaninny Ponds near Mt. Gambier, S.A., made this the dive Valerie Heighes remembers best. The water, she said, was cold but crystal-clear, giving her a feeling of unhindered flight.



SHIPWRECK. With her brother, Greg Heighes, she tries to raise a small cannon from the grave of the sailing ship Dunbar, which sank off Sydney Heads in 1857 with the loss of 121 lives. There is little sign of the ship; lime has glued its remains into shapeless lumps.

UNDERWATER



SWEETLIPS are the most curious-minded fish on the Great Barrier Reef. Valerie approached within inches of one before it darted away. This picture was taken near Hayman Island.

● Nine years ago I put on my first mask and flippers, and the fascination of the new world I encountered eventually led to my becoming a New South Wales and Australian spearfishing champion. More important, it started me on an unusual career — underwater acting.

DURING the past four years I have swum my way through more underwater films than I can remember — "Heron Island Holiday," "Fijian Holiday," "Shark-hunters" (which has just been sold in America) to name a few.

Skindiving has taken me all around Australia and Fiji. The places themselves are interesting, but not as interesting as their underwater inhabitants.

Sharks, sea-snakes, and sudden storms are all in the day's work.

The things I fear most, though, are jelly-fish, the kind that have tentacles up to 30ft. long. They seem to single out my bare arms and legs for attention.

Of course, the filming stops while I recover from the shock. The producer may complain, but he is protected from everything, including the cold, by his rubber suit, while I am compelled to wear a glamorous bathing costume which does little to keep me warm.

This question of glamor versus comfort has been the subject of many arguments, which I always seem to lose.

Cold was no problem when we were filming "Fijian Holiday," and I really enjoyed the work. We made the film for an American airline and I played an Australian girl who goes to Fiji for a holiday.

They sent us around all the outlying islands of the group in the yacht Maroro that had belonged to Queen Salote of Tonga. But Australian coral reefs have far more life than those in Fiji.

The natives, I was told, are to blame, as they will shoot and eat anything, no matter how small.

It was in these warm waters that I met some amazing little actors — yellow-and-black pilot-fish.

A small school of them would accompany me wherever I went, and no matter how much I looped the loop or thrashed around they stuck like glue.

Then there were the cleaner-fish. Every time I stopped swimming these little fish were on to me, nibbling all over.

If I opened my mouth they would cheerfully pick my teeth. My ears were another favorite target.

When people ask me about my work and I answer, "Oh, I'm a skindiver," their next words are always the same: "What about sharks?"

Well, what about them?

First of all, they are awful actors — always there when not wanted and impossible to find when they're needed.

Of the hundreds of species of sharks in Australian waters only very few are considered man-eaters; but, dangerous or not, the word "shark" gives most people I know the horrors.

Actually they are rather beautiful in a smooth, supple way.

Shark-shooting is becoming a popular sport in Australia.

Ron Taylor, the Australian spearfishing champion, who is now my husband, filmed his first underwater shark-hunting film some years back, and it was by spearing a small shark in this hour-long TV documentary that I made my debut as an underwater actress.

Friends are always gushing about my "glamorous, exciting, interesting life." In a small way they are right.

ACTRESS

Sharks, she says, won't enter on their cue, but only when they are not wanted



By
**VALERIE
HEIGHES**

Diving is always interesting and sometimes exciting, though who can be glamorous 40ft. down and freezing to death? Then I don't feel one bit like a film star.

Here is an example of what I mean:

The boat waits on the beach, surrounded by an admiring throng. We stow all those exciting masks, guns, and cameras and roar away over the waves — but the spray soon soaks us to the skin and begins to clog our eyelashes with stinging salt.

Miles out to sea the boat circles. One of the boys puts his goggles on and hangs precariously over the side searching for a reef.

We know the reef is there because our good and reliable friend Harry said so. We throw the anchor over and discover that Harry forgot to mention that the reef is 200ft. down.

Anyway, they decide to give it a try, in spite of my silent prayers. How I envy the admiring throng back on their soft, warm beach, drinking soda-pop and munching pies!

We all plunge in and find that it doesn't matter whether the ocean bed is 200ft. or 20ft. down, as the visibility is only 10ft.

Still, not to worry, there must be a clear patch somewhere; so off we all swim in different directions looking for it. Eventually even the boys are discouraged and decide to return to the boat.

Only to find it's no longer in sight. A swift current has carried us away.

We discuss our predicament, and after much looking at the sun and distant landmarks we decide the boat's that way. A long swim follows until, exhausted, we struggle over the side of the boat to safety.

I'm all for throwing the whole thing in there and then, but my companions? Never! So off we sail again for a repeat performance.

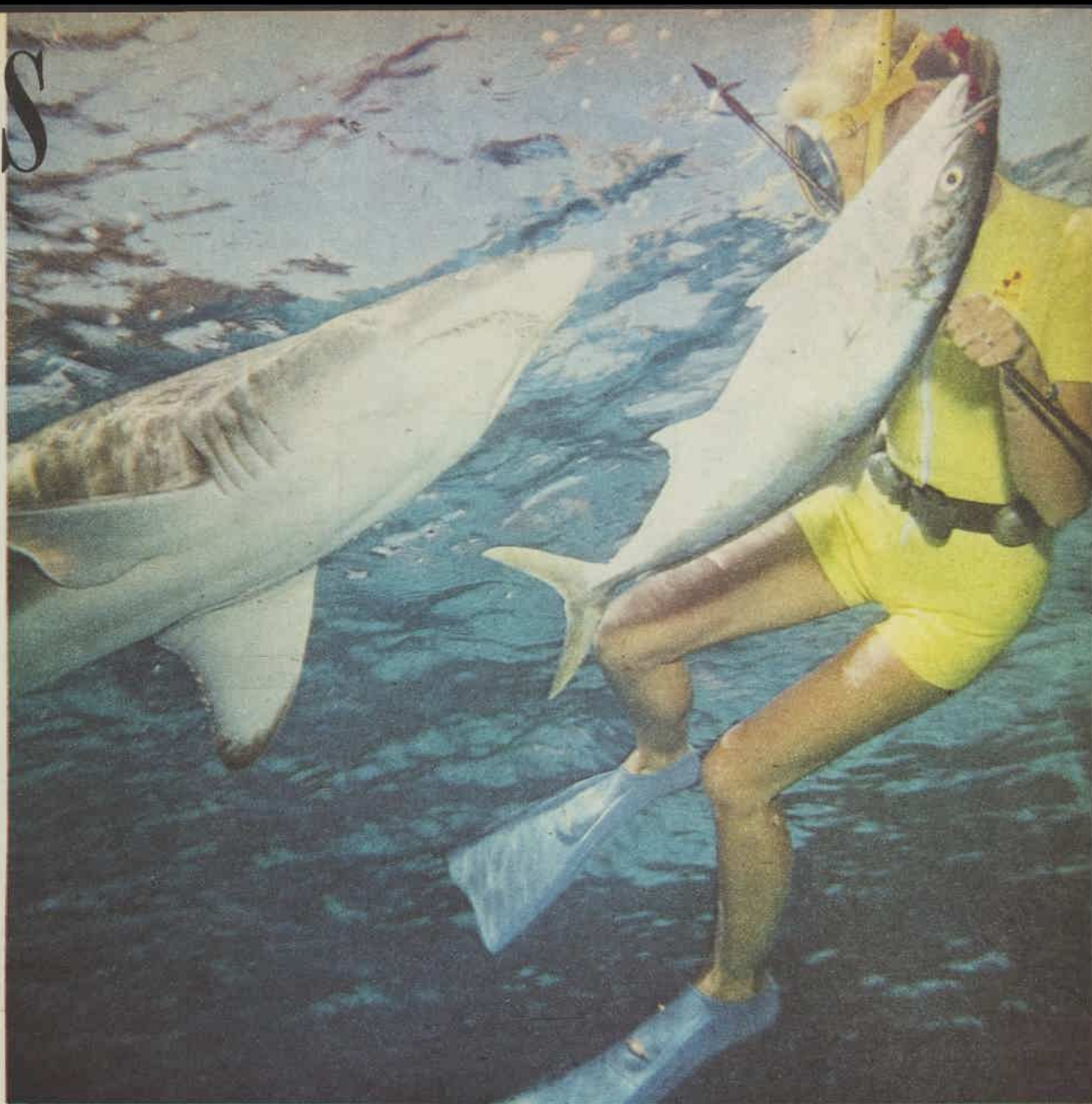
Sometimes everything goes to plan, but this is rare. Usually the film is unexposed when we return to the beach and the throng.

The boys always have a few fish for the people to admire and are content to stand about discussing their exploits.

But not me. I generally sneak off to have a cup of coffee and a headache powder or, if nobody is looking, some fish and chips from a nearby shop.

Spearfishermen would never lower them-

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 15, 1964



HUNGRY SHARK. Valerie had speared an 18lb. kingfish while she and husband Ron Taylor were shooting a color film on shark-spearfishing on the N.S.W. south coast. Suddenly a 9ft. grey nurse cruised in, attracted by the vibrations and blood. Soon afterwards spearfisherman John Harding ended the awkward situation by penetrating the shark's spine with a knife, paralyzing it.

selves so far as to buy fish from a shop, except me.

I suppose I really must enjoy my work or I wouldn't go back for more.

And all the discomforts and hardships are forgotten when I'm watching the finished film and see myself gliding gracefully along coral gutters, grabbing a cray here or shooting a fish there.

Nobody, when watching me on film, casually plucking exotic shells from every cranny, dreams that those very shells have

drowning, Ron has either run out of film or is gazing vacantly the other way.

I think the co-stars I like best are the giant turtles. We often find them asleep among the coral and this gives us plenty of time to get organised.

A favorite trick of ours is to cadge a ride — very comfortable it is, too, as the turtle grows two handgrips in the right place. All you do for a fast trip is hang on.

The most wonderful marine creature I have ever worked with is the manta ray.

Devil ray got friendly

usually taken weeks to find and have been planned for the film occasion.

Generally, though, it's very hard to fake things underwater.

Obviously, a dead shark looks like a dead shark, so for realism live ones must be used.

And as I have already stated, sharks are the most unco-operative actors in the world.

Usually we have to shoot small fish in an endeavor to entice them in. Finally, when sharks do come, there's so much blood in the water you can hardly see them, or Ron has given up in disgust and used all the film on mullet.

This is the cue for the sharks to perform brilliantly, darting up to the camera and showing their teeth.

It also seems that when I do something spectacular, like shooting a shark and getting tangled in the float rope and almost

These monsters (sometimes called the devil ray) are completely harmless.

A 16ft. manta performed beautifully in a sequence for "Queensland Spectacular."

He was a little nervous at first, but soon decided to become friendly. The resulting film showed a tiny Valerie calmly swimming around the huge beast.

At one stage I was swimming just under his wing as he started to move it downwards. Ron thought I would be hit, but the ray sensed my presence and in mid-flight lifted his flap away from me — proving that mantas are quite intelligent.

Once I took two co-stars home. Chappy and Joe were the sweetest 16lb. crays you ever saw.

They cheerfully lived in my parents' swimming-pool for four months and became so tame that they would eat from our hands.

An interesting fellow I have worked with is the 9ft. grey nurse shark in the Tweed Heads aquarium. When we captured him on the nine-mile reef off Tweed Heads he was not so quiet and nearly chewed up my husband.

I had another impressive "co-star" recently — the wreck of the old Dunbar, which lies off Sydney Heads.

Ron was shooting footage on the wreck, and to make it look interesting my brother Greg and I decided to raise a cannon.

It was interesting all right! The darn thing was so heavy that we almost sank our 14ft. boat.

The cannon won the day that time and it still lies on the grave of that unfortunate sailing ship.

People seem to think of wrecks as complete vessels — figureheads, masts, the lot. They imagine divers going down into the cabins and looking for treasure, fighting off a few giant sharks or an octopus on the way.

This is Hollywood fabrication. There are many wrecks around our coast, and unless someone told you what they were you would pass them up as weed-covered junk.

And that's really all they are. Not even the sturdiest vessel can survive the constant movement of water on the ocean floor.

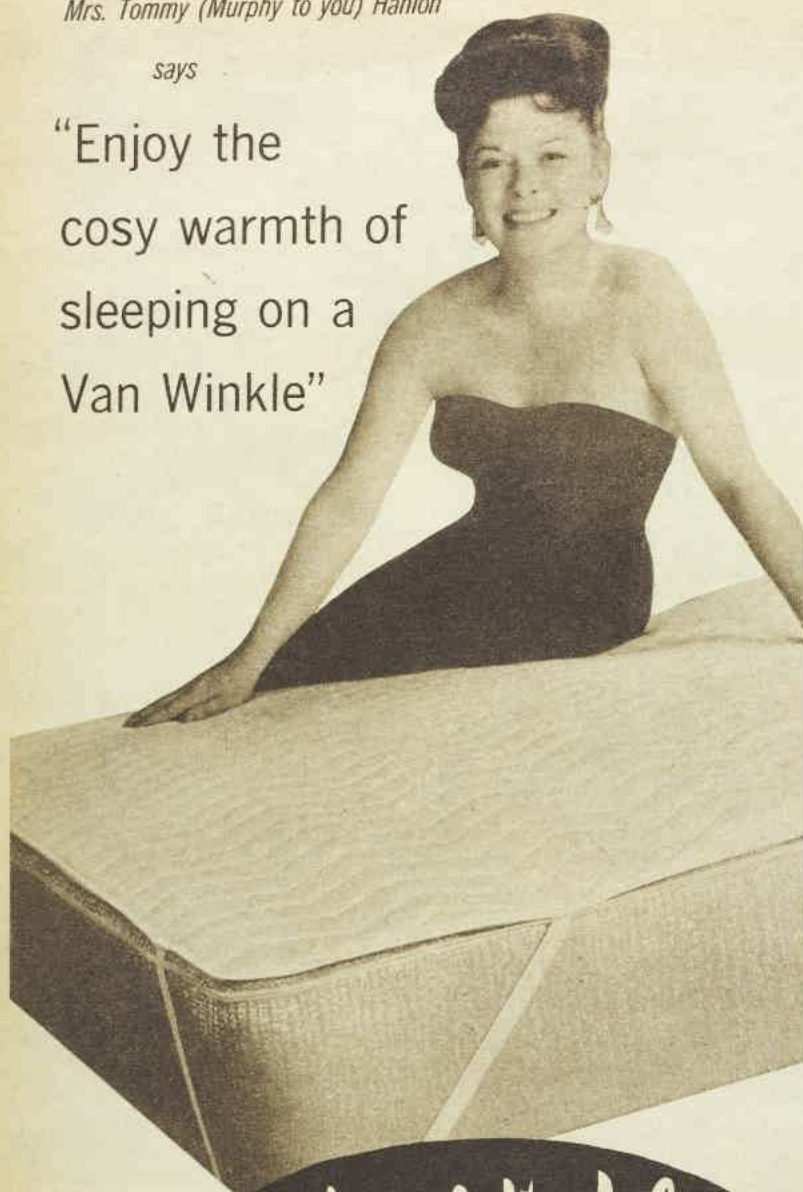
Summing up, being an underwater actress gives me lots of pleasures and many disappointments. All in all, I wouldn't change it for anything.

Even my long-suffering mother has resigned herself to my unusual occupation — and my unusual co-stars.

Mrs. Tommy (Murphy to you) Hanlon

says

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cosy warmth of
sleeping on a
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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

JULIE GAVEL and David Price, who will marry at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, on July 9, will live in a caravan on their property at Woodstock until their new home is built.

The couple have postponed choosing a name for the property until the house, which is being built on colonial lines, is completed.

Julie, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Gavel, of "Boothenna," Dubbo, will have David's sister, Shirley Price, and her sisters, Mrs. Max Walters, Mrs. Stuart Gordon, and Wendy Gavel, as attendants.

At the reception, which will be held at Menzies Hotel, a special telegram from London will be read. It was sent by Julie's brother, Thomas, who is touring the world with the Australian Old Collegians Cricket Team.

David, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Creel Price, of "Allonby," Blayney, will be attended by Jim Parfett, Roger Barrett, John Price, and Harvey Wright.

MRS. BOB BOEKEMANN "confessed" she received expert advice for the delicious curries and condiments she served at a dinner party last week. Her guest of honor—and cookery adviser—was Mrs. Noel Selkirk-Panton, who recently returned home from Calcutta, India, where her husband was Australian Trade Commissioner. Mrs. Selkirk-Panton brought many recipes home with her and the condiments, which accompanied four different curries, included such interesting combinations as potatoes and poppy seeds, yoghurt and cucumber, and a dish called brinjal, a mixture of eggplant, chillies, and cummin seed. Mrs. Selkirk-Panton has been staying with Mrs. Boekemann for the past two weeks and will join her husband in Canberra—where they will live for the next few years—later this month.

A POSTCARD from the Laurie Le Guays tells of a marvellous cruise around the Greek Islands. They hired a 60ft. yacht to tour the islands from Rhodes to Corfu and then went up the Dalmatian coast to Venice. At each stopover they rode bicycles for sight-seeing jaunts. The Le Guays particularly liked their stay on the yacht. It was staffed with a crew of four—who not only did all the cleaning and cooking—but even put the toothpaste on the Le Guays' toothbrushes!

FAREWELL parties have begun for Mrs. Rudi Tolnay, who leaves on July 11 for a four-month holiday in America. It's her first trip home in two years, and Mr. Tolnay will follow her to New York in a couple of months. She plans to visit Mrs. Gwen O'Brien in Los Angeles, and will also see former U.S. Consul-General, Mr. Frank Waring, and his wife, in Berkeley, California.



"IT'S a trip to avoid the cold weather" how Mrs. Airle Bouvet describes her forthcoming holiday to New Guinea. She will sail in Bulolo on July 24 and return in the same ship four weeks later. Mrs. Bouvet, who will tour the island, plans to visit Australians Mr. and Mrs. Norman White in Port Moresby.

ALTHOUGH they've been home a month Mr. and Mrs. Pat Levy are still entertaining friends with marvellous tales of their two-month holiday in the East. Highlight of their trip was the two-and-a-half weeks they spent in Kashmir, India—on a houseboat. "The houseboat was the last word in luxury," Mrs. Levy told me. "It had a lounge-room, verandah, dining-room, two bedrooms, and two bathrooms." And attached to the back of the houseboat was a boat for travel to the mainland and a smaller houseboat, where the "crew" lived. It was also in Kashmir that the Levys purchased their only souvenir—a green and white handwoven rug—which they will put in their Palm Beach house.

FROM America comes news of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Vass. Mr. Vass has just been appointed United States Economic Minister in Tokyo. At the moment they're in Washington and will leave for Japan later this month.

MR. and MRS. BOB STEPHEN are looking forward to a reunion with Mr. Arthur Greenwell when she arrives here from Honolulu on July 8. They met Mr. Greenwell in Honolulu four years ago and will be hosts at a lunch in her honor at the Elanora Country Club on July 12. Mr. Greenwell, who is a member of one of the oldest families—dating back to 1815—in Honolulu, plans to visit Melbourne, Tasmania, Alice Springs, Brisbane, and the Barrier Reef while she is here.

I HEAR Cassandra Tootill is off overseas again. She will leave by air on July 14 and will visit Fiji, Tahiti, and Honolulu before arriving in San Francisco. She will spend a few weeks there and will go on to New York for the World Fair before continuing on to Paris and London. She will be away indefinitely and plans to study political science at the University of London.



ABOVE: Mr. David Worland and Miss Janelle Whitehead, who have announced their engagement. Miss Whitehead is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Whitehead, of Roseville, and her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Worland, of Canterbury, Victoria. They will marry next year.

AT LEFT: From Melbourne comes this picture of Mr. Kenneth Barry, of Hampton, and his bride, formerly Miss Kate Kirby, daughter of the president of the Commonwealth Arbitration Commission, Sir Richard Kirby, and Lady Kirby, of Toorak, after their marriage at St. Mary's Church, East St. Kilda. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Barry.



AT TROCADERO. Miss Diane Lollback with Marine Sergeant John Kinel at the American Independence Day Ball. Sergeant Kinel, who is Marine Guard at the American Embassy, Canberra, carried the United States Flag at the ball's traditional flag ceremony, prior to the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner." He was a former presidential guard at the White House, in Washington, U.S.A.



ATTRACTIVE Miss Suzanne Burgess (left) and Miss Elizabeth Ward at the lunch and historical afternoon held at The Kings School, Parramatta. Mrs. Denys Hake, wife of the Headmaster and a Vice-president of the Dr. Barnardo's Homes Women's Auxiliary, organised the lunch to aid the auxiliary. Visitors toured the old school buildings, which included the original Headmaster's residence built in 1836. Mrs. Hake welcomed more than 200 guests to the lunch.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 15, 1964



FOURSOME (from left): The U.S. Consul-General, Mr. Edward Bolster, Mrs. N. J. Mannix, Mrs. Norman Jones, and Mr. Bill Meeske at the American Society's Fourth of July Ball. The president of the society, Mr. Rush Clark, and Mrs. Clark welcomed more than 1000 guests. The ball decor was magnificent. This year's theme was the New York World's Fair, and in the Trocadero foyer a closed circuit "television" showed scenes from the actual Fair. Other highlights were a "sideshow alley" and a puppet show.



ABOVE: Mr. David Hamley and Miss Anne Hartigan at the "Champagne and Beatles Buffet Ball," which was held at Beattie Village, Taylor Square, to aid the Boys' Town Scholarship Fund. The president of the fund committee, Mr. Robert Rathborne, welcomed more than 150 guests.



AT RIGHT: Pageboy Malcolm Donaldson farewelled second engineer Douglas Millen and his bride, formerly Miss Vilma Watts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Watts, of Campsie, when they left St. Andrew's Church, Balmain, after their marriage. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. M. T. Millen, of Edinburgh, Scotland, and of the late Mr. Millen. A reception was held at Jonroe, Ashfield.

INVESTMENT GUIDE

By MARY BROKER

THIS WEEK

Office
: Supply
Companies

● You will have all noticed, crossing the Harbor Bridge toward Sydney, the tremendous changes going on in the city skyline.

AND even if you haven't noticed that, you will have been deafened by the nerve-racking din of jack-hammers as you walk along the streets.

Office buildings are just shooting up all over the city, especially in the small area from Martin Place to the Quay.

The contracting companies who build these skyscrapers are currently out of favor on the stockmarket and I believe that leasing rates

are also coming down as demand for new space diminishes.

However, the space is being occupied, and, just as when you move into a new house you immediately want new furniture to go with your surroundings, so big corporations want to have fittings harmonising with their new backgrounds.

In such a climate, the companies who supply office furniture and equipment are on a good thing.

Actually, even when new offices are not rising at the rate of a dozen a month their

potential market is pretty big, since furniture is always wearing out.

One such furniture manufacturer is Sebels (Australia) Limited, a second-line stock with a first-rate earning record.

It started off in 1951 making—of all things—toys, a fact which has always rather tended to endear the company to me.

Certain furniture lines were also manufactured, these being mainly copies of the products made by the then parent company, D. Sebels and Co. Ltd., of England.

This assistance from England was, as the chairman later acknowledged, "invaluable" in setting the company on its feet.

But, like any good father, the English company sold its interests in 1960-61, once the child was really on its way, so that Sebels is now, apart from small overseas shareholdings, a wholly "Australian" company.

Profits fell

The manufacture of toys ended in 1957, and this sudden reliance on furniture caused a downturn in the company's profits for the following two years.

However, since then the company has never looked back. Management is shrewd and energetic, which is an extremely important factor in any company's results.

A strong design team has been built up, and tables and chairs of a very wide range are now being produced, from the barest design of tubular steel to the most luxurious padded models.

Profits since 1959 have gone up steadily at the rate of about 10 per cent. a year, a record any company would be proud of.

The chairman indicated at the annual meeting in April that 1964 would produce yet another record profit. If this forecast is true, capital appreciation of the shares will follow.

At 17/6 the 5/- shares are not, I think, too high-priced, having regard to the dynamic future that can be expected from this sound little company.

One hundred would cost about £89, and, assuming that the 15 per cent. dividend is continued, your return would be £3/15/- a year.

Filing cabinets

Another company in a similar field is Brownbult Limited, based in Victoria (Sebels is based in New South Wales).

As well as chairs and tables, Brownbult's range also includes those big steel filing cabinets and other steel furniture which you see in practically every office.

Metal roof decking is also manufactured, and an interesting diversification some years ago was into the field of domestic appliances, with the manufacture of an automatic clothes drier.

Profits rose sharply last year, from £146,000 to £201,000, a gain of close on 35 per cent. Earning rate on ordinary capital rose from 26.2 per cent. to 30.7 per cent., and dividend was held steady at 12½ per cent.

The interim report was very good, with a turnover increase of 17 per cent. in the December half-year, and a "satisfactory" increase in profit.

(This "satisfactory," of course, leaves you guessing, and I think the best thing that can happen will be a regulation forcing companies to disclose profit figures at least twice, if not four times, a year.)

However, in Brownbult's case one can be fairly sure a good rise is expected.

The 5/- shares, priced at 24/-, are no bargain and 100 will cost £122, for an annual dividend of £3/2/6.

However, the company has been reasonably generous with new and bonus issues, and this, of course, is one way shareholders can make a profit.

the 1st. completely

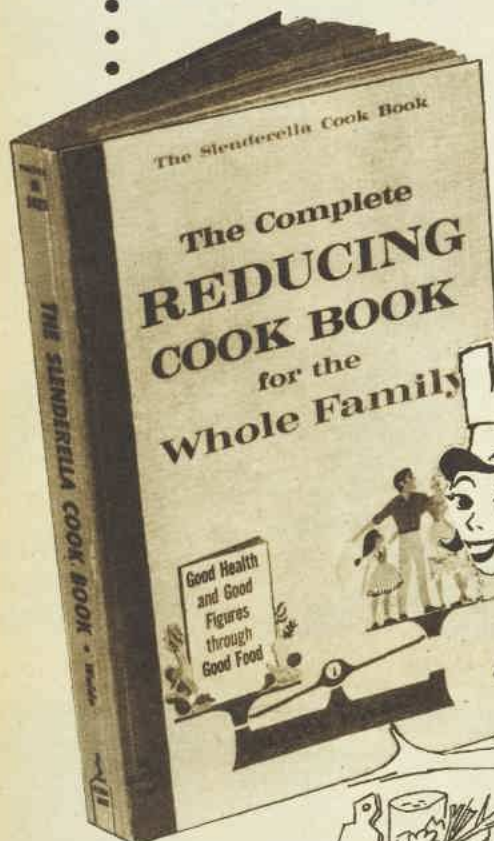
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FRECKLES WENT SPANISH

Sydney girl follows her dancing destiny

From **GEORGE McGANN**, in Washington

● The Australian diplomatic set here in the U.S. capital gather regularly at a Spanish nightclub to applaud the flamenco dancers, especially Luisa la Pecosá, "Louise the Freckled One."

NOT only is she a talented dancer. She is also, underneath the freckles and the Spanish costume, a Sydney girl named Robyn Rogers.

Luisa was "discovered" by John Malone, Press officer of the Australian Embassy.

He was dining in the nightclub called El Bodegon one evening when he felt a tap on the shoulder; a señorita was asking, "Do I recognise an Australian accent?"

Malone retorted: "Don't I recognise one, too?"

Miss Rogers' foreign adventure was inspired five years ago, when she was a student at Sydney University.

The green-eyed brunette recalls: "I was madly interested in dancing. Then Luisillo, one of the finest flamenco dancers in Spain, came to Sydney with his troupe.

Fascinated

"My foster-sister, Dina Snow, and I went to the first night — and were so fascinated that we went to every other performance, 42 in all, sitting in front-row seats at £1 a time.

"We had to borrow from friends to raise the money."

Luisillo promised them backstage jobs if ever they got to Madrid, so the girls, both teenagers, set to work to raise the fare.

They worked round the clock, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. as typists in a business office; from 5.30 to 8 p.m. as waitresses in a cafe; then from 9.30 to 3.30 a.m. in a late-night coffee bar.

There was about four hours for sleeping.

"Dina sold her radiogram to help raise the fare to Naples," Robyn recalled. "From there we hitch-hiked to Madrid."

Luisillo was astounded and flattered to see the two girls from Australia when they arrived at his Madrid studio in travel-stained blue jeans and jumpers, looking, Robyn said, "like grubby scarecrows."

Unfortunately he and his troupe were about to depart for Wales to appear at the International Eisteddfod, in Llangollen.

Without telling Luisillo, the girls shouldered their knapsacks again and set off for Wales with £6.

"We hitch-hiked across France," said Robyn, "in spite of an unfortunate experience with a French

ROBYN ROGERS (at right and below), who followed the Luisillo troupe back to Madrid to learn flamenco dancing. She now dances in a Washington nightclub.



motorist who became objectionable.

"He stranded us in a field at night. We walked to the nearest town and found shelter for the night in a Home for Incurables."

Madrid debut

In Llangollen they surprised the troupe during a rehearsal, and were adopted as mascots. Luisillo gave them administrative jobs and they travelled through Ireland, France, and Spain with the company.

Back in Madrid, the two girls decided to study flamenco dancing with Antonia

Marin, a noted teacher whose pupils have included La Chunga, one of the most famous flamenco dancers.

At last they made their debut in a Madrid nightclub. Then they signed a contract with Marin and toured all over Europe.

During their travels the girls stopped in Cyprus in 1961. Dina met there a handsome American naval officer, Gerald Franklin, and eventually married him, ending her dancing career.

"Dina now lives in Yokohama, where her husband is stationed," Robyn said. "They have a son (my godson) aged 18 months.

"Since both my parents are dead they are the only family I have, I write them at least once a week."

Robyn has been working in Washington for over a year. She recently played a straight acting role (as a Chilean, complete with broken-English accent) in a film produced by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration called "World Beyond Zero."

"I haven't been home to Sydney for five years," she said. "I'd love to tour Australia with my own flamenco troupe. That would round out the circle nicely."

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WORTH REPORTING

IF you've ever wondered how a young married couple could live on £100 a year, reader Mrs. Doris Webley, of Dareton, N.S.W., has found the answer in a British magazine article dated November, 1885.

"Living on £100 a year," wrote the Head of a House, "involves continual frugality and watchfulness; previously contracted habits of extravagance must be laid aside."

He then set out a list of the weekly household expenditure — and by this time the family included three small children.

Groceries	4/5
Flour	2/3
Eggs	1/-
Butter	1/4
Milk	1/9
Butcher	5/-
Bacon	1/-
Cheese	6
Fruit and vegs.	1/3
Charwoman, etc.	1/6
Books	6

That adds up to £1/-/6, which for the year amounts to £53/6/-.

Other expenditure was:

Rent per year	£ s d
Rates and taxes	16 0 0
Water 16/-, gas £1	1 16 0
Clothing, children	2 5 0
Clothing, wife	5 5 0
Clothing, self	5 15 0
Coal and coke	3 3 0
Renewals, i.e., linen, etc.	1 15 0
Charity	1 0 0
Miscellaneous	1 5 0

That's a yearly total of £93/15/-.

"The item for charwoman," he wrote, "will allow of her coming for your fortnight's washing and a day occasionally to clean. A very little more would provide you a little maid."

For 1/6 these days, what "little maid" would want to lift her little finger?

Footnote: In the same magazine appeared this cynical little comment: "In marriage it is all very well to say that 'the two are made one'—the question is, which one?"

A FRIEND of ours, depressed at the approach of her fortieth birthday, was consoled by her young son. "You're not old, Mum," he said comfortingly, "you just LOOK old."



• This is a portrait of a brave man — 47-year-old Welshman Mr. John Davies, who recently fulfilled the secret longing of everyone who has ever travelled long distances in a train. He pulled the communication cord.

Although fined £9 (sterling) by an unimpressed British Railways, Mr. Davies is unrepentant.

"I am not an unreasonable man," he said. "I sing in my bath, I like golf, and I've never pulled a communication cord before in my life. But the train was 75 minutes late and I had to catch a plane."

He got a cab to the airport.

Scuba champ at 17

WHEN she was a child, attractive Wendy Howard, of Darwin, was terrified of the water.

Now, at 17, Wendy is Australia's ladies' scuba skin-diving champion and is now preparing to defend her title next year at San Remo, Victoria.

When she was 12, Wendy was on holiday at Howard Springs, an inland swimming spot near Darwin.

She was playing on the concrete retaining wall that dams up the water when she slipped and fell in.

"All I could see was weeds and bubbles," said Wendy. After she was rescued, pumped out, and taken home, Wendy's mother realised that Wendy would have to learn to swim — in spite of her fear of the water.

Once she gained her confidence in the water, Wendy amazed everyone by first winning local competitions,

and later, in 1962, by captaining the Northern Territory swimming team in the South Australian Championships.

In March last year Wendy took up skin-diving and in less than 12 months had won the championship.

A YOUNG mother in Mackay, Queensland, went into hospital to have her very first baby.

In one hand she clutched a suitcase, in the other a movie camera loaded with film.

And when she was ready for the labor ward the camera went with her and she actually filmed her daughter's birth.

In a letter to a friend she said: "The doctor didn't seem to mind; he just stood back, shrugged his shoulders, and thought I was quite mad."

£5 for one box of matches

MR. J. W. NICHOLLS, of Scone, N.S.W., is one man who shouldn't get his fingers burnt.

For among his collection (probably the largest in the world) of matchbox labels and other memorabilia is a box containing matches—one foot long.

Mr. Nicholls has been collecting his labels from all over the world for nearly 20 years.

"It's certainly expensive," he said, "but worth it."

The 12in. matches cost him £5, and he paid 30/- for one matchbox label from Russia.

Matchbox labels, like stamps, reflect the era in which they were made.

Some old English labels carry advertisements for restaurants, quoting the price of pies (threepence) and sandwiches (one penny).

Some depict prominent people of their day, or events in history or popular national sports. Modern ones show the 20-century interest in space exploration.

Mr. Nicholls, who belongs to the Australian Matchbox Collection Society and the British Booklet and Label Collection Society, has 1200 "friends" throughout the world who let him know when there's another label available.

Bear became a "pin-up"

"SMOKY BEAR," that quaint little creature who for several summers has been exhorting everyone to prevent bushfires, really exists.

Dr. Glenn Kovar, director of motion-picture, radio, and television advertising for the Fire Service of the U.S. Forestry Department, told us Smoky's story when he was in Sydney recently.

"One of our rangers rescued a very young bear cub during a fire in the Lincoln National Forest, New Mexico," Dr. Kovar said.

"The mother bear had perished in the fire, and the cub was very badly burned, but the ranger's daughter nursed him back to health.

"Smoky" was an obvious name for him, of course. We'd been experimenting with cartoon bears for our advertising, and Smoky made an ideal model.

"He's still in our National Park in Washington. He's over 10 now — and he got married not long ago."

Dr. and Mrs. Kovar spent three weeks in Australia on what Dr. Kovar aptly calls a "Show Me" tour — a trip to exchange ideas on bush-fire prevention with Australian Forestry departments.

Although this is Dr. Kovar's first "Show Me" visit, he has been exchanging ideas by mail with Australian forestry officers for about seven years.

That's how Smoky's picture (given an "Aussie" look) came to be used on fire-prevention posters here.

WHAT'S new in the beauty field? There's eye-shadow that looks like rouge (pink instead of blue or green), hair shampoo in a pressurised can (like hair-spray), hand lotion that smells like lemonade, deodorant that looks like face powder.

And upside-down eye-lashes—false, of course; built-in dust barriers that give a demurely veiled look like — well, have you ever looked at a kangaroo's eye-lashes?

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ASK AT ALL STORES

GODDARD'S... specialists in fine polishes for over 120 years.



In Queensland, Silver Dip is only available in the big 14-oz. bottle moderately priced at 14/9.

Hovis presents famous Love Letters

Number 3 in a series for your enjoyment

ROBERT BROWNING TO ELIZABETH BARRETT (April 13, 1846): Dearest,

unspeakably dear Ba — would I were with you! But my heart stays with you: I write this, tired somewhat and out of spirits—for I have been writing notes this morning; And the moment I have done, I look to the chair and the picture and desire to be at rest with you; the perfect rest and happiness here on earth. But do think, my own Ba, in the direction I indicated yesterday—any obstacle now, would be more than I could bear—I feel I must live with you—if but for a year, a month—to express the love which words cannot express. See one thing! . . . I want the love at our lives' end, the love after trial, the love of my love, when mine shall have had time and occasion to prove itself.



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First baked in England, 1898.

there's 4d. worth of wheat germ in every loaf

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FOURTEEN FATHOMS BELOW



Fourteen fathoms below the sea! An awkward place for a man to be! When suffering from cold or 'flu. There isn't much one can do. No use seeking quick relief. Inhaling from a handkerchief. Ahoy for Woods' — that great compound. It's a diver's friend when colds abound.

Woods'

GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND

Quickly relieves sore throats and winter ills.



"I just got to wondering how many feet of toothpaste there are in a tube!"

THE PURPLE JACARANDA

● ABC-TV's locally produced suspense serial "The Purple Jacaranda" has beautiful women, attractive men, a currency plot, murder, and a surprise ending.



MARGO LEE and James Condon have two of the starring roles. Margo is Anne James, James Condon is Max Stevenson, mysterious artist.



JOHN UNICOMBE, another of the attractive men in Margo Lee's Jacaranda Tree life, defines a situation that is bothering her.

Television



LEFT: At a theatre, Anne and Max, with, extreme left, juvenile leads Bill (Nicholas Tate, who is Neva Carr-Glyn's son) and blond Kelly (Carmilla Christensen).

RIGHT: Walter Sullivan and Diana Perryman, who also have big roles in the seven-part serial. They play a married couple, David and Darcy Crawford.



ZORRO STRIKES AGAIN

By NAN MUSGROVE

● No crystal ball is needed to foresee an outbreak of masks, sword-play, and slashed zeds all over Sydney soon — for that thinly moustachioed hero Zorro is back.



GUY WILLIAMS as Zorro

ZORRO is scheduled to make a dashing re-entry into viewers' lives on TCN9 on Monday, July 13, at 7 p.m. If history repeats itself, he'll cause uproar.

Six years ago Zorro was the big thing on Sydney TV and a craze with young viewers that launched a bonanza for retailers.

To be with it in 1958, some mark of Zorro had to be worn—a mask, black hat, a shirt or belt adorned with the famous "zed" Zorro leaves to show he has called—with either malicious or affectionate intent.

TCN9 is starting the 1964 Zorro season with repeats of the old show, followed by a new series made recently.

Zorro is played in both series by handsome Guy Williams, who, until the TV series was made, was an obscure New York stage actor who had failed to make the grade in Hollywood.

"I went from zero to Zorro," Williams said talking of his big TV success.

Don't get the idea that "The Mark of Zorro" is kid stuff, strictly for the young. It is swashbuckling adventure, the story of a masked avenger who fights an unjust military dictatorship in Spanish California.

To do this, Zorro poses as Don Diego, a dandy and son of a rich landowner by day, and after dark as the dashing horseman with the slashing sword bent on meting out summary justice.

Swordsmen

Sportsmen acclaim Williams' prowess as a swordsman and horseman. He was an ardent fencer before he ever heard of Zorro and polished his technique with Hollywood's most famous tutor, Fred Cavens, who coached generations of Hollywood swordsmen.

His pupils included Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Tyrone Power, now both dead, both of whom played Zorro.

Duelling is only one of the accomplishments demanded of Williams in Zorro. He has to ride recklessly and, as the foppish playboy, sing and play the guitar.

He takes intensive tuition in all these things. Experts who have seen the three Zorros in action say Williams is the best of all.

"I'm terribly proud of the things that have been said of me," Williams says. "I try my best to live up to them."

"When Walt Disney signed me up he insisted I went to Cavens for fencing tuition. I



worked with him until my arms, shoulders, and wrists were one long path of pain. But finally I did learn to use a sword with some polish."

The return of Zorro pleases me. Swords and masks and gallantry will be so suave, such a change from Shetland pony hairdos and jelly-bean showers.

"Jacaranda" began slowly

"THE Purple Jacaranda," ABC-TV's new seven-part suspense serial (see color pictures opposite), didn't come to life in its first episode.

The good part of it was producer Colin Dean's opening sequence of the body on

the beach, the skilful blending of indoor and outdoor shots, and John Unicombe's acting as Bannister; the bad parts of it were some bad flaws in the story, the general air of unreality, and the overacting of the ladies.

The story begins with Anne James (Margot Lee) returning to her flat in Perth late at night to find a Canberra security officer ensconced within.

He introduces himself and tells her he wants her to put off a trip to London the next day to help unravel a currency plot in which Security believe a friend of hers, Darcy (Diana Perryman), is involved.

I dare say that Security men at times do have to break and enter the homes of contacts, but the insouciant and nonchalant approach of this gentleman in enlisting aid from a strange woman entirely lacked both urgency and importance.

Miss James' acceptance of it was all too pat, and how her unexplained disappearance Sydneywards instead of toward London was arranged without close friends alerting the local police I don't know.

Cancelling this fault as detail that slows action in a 30-minute suspense show, the woodenness of all the

characters was what set me back on my heels.

None of the seasoned actors who take part in the show, except Unicombe, ever moved or spoke like real people. They were always actors, moving from point A to B, speaking lines.

Margot Lee looked good and was the best of the women; Diana Perryman, overdressed, or perhaps underdressed, for a morning at home, was awfully stacy, but Aileen Britten as the sinister housekeeper took the palm—she was melodramatically sinister and furtive and out-Danvered Judith Anderson's Mrs. Danvers of "Rebecca" in a part that would have been much more suspenseful played straight.

But there is nothing more difficult than the first episode of a suspense serial. Characters have to be introduced, the scene set, the basic plot revealed—all time-taking manoeuvres that slow action.

I always feel rather sneaky when I write about a first episode, because in my opinion it takes three for producer and cast to get the effect they are striving for.

I wouldn't miss the coming episodes of "The Purple Jacaranda." Whether it will be a winner or an also-ran is at this stage an added exercise in suspense.



ZERO MOSTEL

Brilliant comic

"AN Evening with Zero Mostel," a recent offering from ABC-TV's Festival of Performing Arts (Sundays, 8 p.m.), was one of the best hours of simmering fun I've ever enjoyed.

Mr. Mostel goes down in my book as the only actor (or actress) who has ever made me laugh at a throwing-the-custard-pie routine.

I'd never heard of Zero Mostel till I saw his name on the opening credits. I didn't know whether he was male, female, or an E-type carrot.

I now find that this brilliant man, who did many other things besides getting a custard pie in the eye, is a Jewish actor and painter. He won the Antoinette Perry award (a "Tony") for the best acting of the 1960-61 season for his performance in the title role of the New York production of Ionesco's "Rhinoceros."

Later he won a Best Actor Award from critics of 25 countries at the International Theatre Festival in Paris. His latest role on Broadway was in "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum."

Believe me, it was a funny thing that happened with Zero in the Festival of Performing Arts. There should be more of it.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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New! Mandarin Orange Segments in Syrup! Ideal for cake decorating... as a new and exciting dessert... as a titbit between meals. Extra luscious, sun-ripened—wonderful for scores of dishes. So inexpensive too! At all good food stores!

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Grand Prize outright winner

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NEW SOUTH WALES: Mrs. Carolyn Jacques, 1 Best Rd., SEVEN HILLS; Mrs. M. Mulrovey, 49 Rickard Rd., STRATHFIELD; Mrs. Y. M. Gavron, 16 Kenneth St., EAST MAITLAND; Mrs. M. Ahern, 13 Albert Pde., ASHFIELD; Miss Robyn L. Askew, 42 The Avenue, GRANVILLE; Mrs. Gay O'Connor, 18 Crana Ave., EAST LINDFIELD. QUEENSLAND: Mrs. P. Renton, 16 Wilson St., BOOVAL; Miss J. A. Ziegenfuss, 65 Parry St., CHARLEVILLE. SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Mrs. Miriam Ruth Ledger, 21 Herbert St., WHYALLA. WEST AUSTRALIA: Mr. Geoffrey Counsel, 10 Cyril St., BASSEDALE; Mrs. D. M. Bogue, 36 Oxcliffe Rd., DOUBLE VIEW. TASMANIA: Mrs. E. W. Phillips, 1 Seaview Ave., TAPPOONA; Noeline Franklin, 63 Dowling St., LAUNCESTON. VICTORIA: Christine Turnbull, 67 Ferguson St., UPWEY; Mrs. Helen Peters, 10 Hyland St., TRARALGON EAST; Mrs. V. J. Tibbits, 80 Baird St., EAST BRIGHTON; Mrs. Dawn Hornsby, 3 Upper Court, NUNAWADING; John S. Barrow, 4 Victoria Ave., CANTERBURY.



COLUMBIA is filming a new series, "Mr. Broadway," with Craig Stevens (at left) as a public-relations man. The first episode has Art Carney, Tina Louise, and Hal March in the cast, the second Joan Bennett, Sandy Dennis, Pat O'Brien, and Robert Webber.

DID YOU KNOW?

● A new Columbia series for the coming season looks like being a civilian version of "McHale's Navy."

CALLED "Gilligan's Island," the series will have a bunch of castaways, including Jim Backus and Tina Louise, shipwrecked on a Pacific island.

On the same night "Gilligan's Island" is televised in the U.S., Jim Backus will be providing the voice

of "Mr. Magoo" in a new series of this cartoon — making him the only actor to have two regular series going at the same time.

ED SULLIVAN, who has presented a stream of British singing groups — starting with The Beatles — on his variety show, has another act coming up from the other side of the

Channel — a scene from the production of the Folies Bergere, the famous Paris nightclub.

JANE POWELL is making a TV series pilot film, based on "The Pink Jungle," a Ginger Rogers play that closed on its Broadway tryout in 1959.

AERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY has obviously taken note of the great success of the British singing groups on television. Next season they will produce a series called "Shindig," described as "a youthful, fast-paced musical featuring new as well as popular talent."

Sounds like an up-to-date version of the late and successful "The Parade," taking notice of the fact that hits are the songs that teenagers buy.

WHEN filming begins on "Sophia Loren in Rome," Miss Loren will have the company of Marcello Mastroianni and Vittorio de Sica, her co-star and director in the film "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow."

Television

THE three major American networks will pool their facilities for the coverage of the November presidential and congressional elections — to save money. They will spend only 1,500,000 dollars (£A750,000) reporting the election returns, with 100,000 reporters.

MMARGARET LEIGHTON, a rare bird on TV, has been signed, along with Stella Stevens, for next season's opening episode of the "Ben Casey" series.

RROSSANO BRAZZI has been engaged by Columbia to star in a series set in Rome called "Via Veneto," in which he will play a travel agent.

A.B.C. has a new series, "Valentine's Day," starring Anthony Franciosa as a New York bachelor-about-town, with a Chinese-American houseboy and confidant, played by Jack Soo.

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said: "Have you ever noticed the way different single girls react at a party when they find that a very attractive bachelor would like to be introduced to them? To give you just a few examples . . . The athletic girl would probably say, 'How fast can he run the mile?' The glamor girl would say, 'Is he wealthy?' The literary girl: 'What kind of books does he read?' The society girl: 'What is his family's background?' And, perhaps, the religious girl would say, 'What church does he go to?' But I think the old maid sums it up best: 'Where is he?'"

Momma's Moral: When a woman is 21 she believes in long engagements. But when she's 41 she doesn't even believe in long engagements.



Antiseptic needed quickly. Is your household disinfectant good enough?

Unfortunately, it isn't.

When one of your family gets a cut or scratch, a household disinfectant is just not good enough—even if labelled "antiseptic".

Any disinfectant can kill certain germs under ideal test-conditions.

But in real life, in real wounds, there can be many dangerous germs. Nothing you can buy



will safely kill germs like the classic germicidal antiseptic: "Dettol".

It is the antiseptic recommended in over 450 medical text-books and papers. It is for sound reasons that "Dettol" is favoured by doctors; trusted by nurses; and used in so many of our great teaching hospitals.

When sympathy is needed: so is "Dettol".



For soothing, healing protection, apply "Dettol" Antiseptic Cream. Recommended for chapped and rough hands, sore lips, cold sores, and other skin affections.

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

SATURDAY SONG

By VALERIE WATKINSON



It was a momentous occasion for Ben when he met Judith at the nightclub . . . a dramatic story

HE was thirty-five years old. His publicity hand-outs said twenty-nine and, as long as you did not look too closely at the eyes, the hand-outs were believable. You could perform near miracles with massage and diet and exercise, but no one as yet had thought up a way to make a pair of weary eyes regain the clarity of youth.

There had been a time when his name was a certain draw. That time was past. He had not made it right to the top. Sometimes he had been so close it had not really mattered, except to those who knew the difference; and the difference was that the billboards read: "Somebody or Other's Band, with Benje Patterson," instead of "Benje Patterson, with Somebody or Other's Band."

Now it had become so bad there was no band. He was playing the second-rate nightclub circuit and the coffee cellars, where the youngsters congregated and the fittings were tatty and the waiters shuffled.

The money was steady, but there was not enough of it. It was hard to keep up appearances. Sometimes he asked himself why he bothered, but he wasn't fooling himself. He knew why he bothered. He was an entertainer. It was all he could do and he still had to prove something. He had to prove he was good enough to trigger that special sort of applause, which was different from mere clapping.

So he kept on trying, but he was thirty-five years old, which in his world was old, and he was tired. He had an agent and the agent did his best, but he had other irons in the fire — big irons, who were young and talked the right vernacular, who could not read music and thought counterpoint was a special spot at an espresso bar and who were unashamed of their ignorance.

So it was a Saturday afternoon and he was in a second-rate nightclub, rehearsing his spot for that night, because you had to pretend each spot was the most important one of all. That way you kept on your toes and your delivery was always fresh and accurate.

He gave the negative sign to the piano player and sat at one of the floorside tables, sipping a tomato juice.

The girl hesitated at the edge of the floor, looking in his direction. Then she came toward him, walking in a free, loose-swinging sort of way.

To page 60



He
loves
me...

He loves the way Yardley Hand Cream keeps my hands so soft and smooth, delicately fragrant. Yardley's precious secret? A special moisturiser to keep hands smooth... soft, soft, petal soft and fragrant. Pamper yourself with this gentle touch of luxury. Yardley Hand Cream, 9/6; or in the handy tube, 6/11.

Yardley



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Baby's bath time

BABY health clinics set bath time for the morning, which seems to me the worst time, with the mother busy with meals, cleaning, washing, and all the other chores. At our place bath time has always been just before the evening feed. In the summer baby goes to bed clean, cool, and fresh, and in winter, clean, warm, and comfortable. With baby most wakeful in the late afternoon it is easiest for a busy mother to combine playtime and bath time.

£1/1/- to "Elsie" (name supplied), Wilcannia, N.S.W.

New version of an old proverb

I RECENTLY had two Americans staying with me and in the course of conversation I used the old saying, "Curiosity killed the cat." The other half, which they told me is in common use in America, is "Satisfaction brought it back." I thought I was very good on sayings and proverbs, but have never heard this before. Have any other readers heard this version?

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Kenny, Holland Park, Qld.

Tribute to a mother-in-law

AFTER reading a recent letter about a mother becoming "that dreadful thing, a mother-in-law," my daughter-in-law's reaction was to write to me saying, "In this daughter-in-law's opinion, mothers-in-law are second only to the sons they produce for us." And that after I had just spent a month with them! I was very touched by such a delightful tribute.

£1/1/- to "Granny" (name supplied), Bridgetown, W.A.

The suicide seat

IN their habit of seating a male passenger beside the driver and the women in the back, perhaps Australians are more chivalrous than "Lady Chauffeur" (A.C.T.) realises. In England the front passenger seat is called the suicide seat, because in an accident that is the seat most likely to contain the fatal casualty.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. D. Campbell, Ashburton, Vic.

Instant soup and pudding

WHEN I was preparing Sunday's dinner I mixed the pudding contents with the boiling water for the soup and the packet of soup with the milk. You ought to try it! That Sunday we really did have "soup and pudding."

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Vanloon, Geelong, Vic.

Great-aunt at 20

AT 20 years old I am a great-aunt. Can you beat this? I am the youngest of eight children and have a niece who is older than one other sister and myself. Recently she had a son and so now I am a great-aunt.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. F. Booth, Croydon, N.S.W.

Night patrol

HOW obvious that the letter signed "Bachelor" (Vic.) was written by one. Doesn't he realise that nearly all complaints from dad about "having been up all night to the baby" usually mean one awakening in many nights of slumber. His wife probably found it hard to believe that he awoke at all. Please, would "Bachelor" work out a foolproof method for daytime naps he supposes are enjoyed by mothers.

£1/1/- to "No Nap" (name supplied), East Bentleigh, Vic.

AS the husband is the breadwinner of the family, I don't think his job should be jeopardised by his being tired the next day after getting up to the baby at night. But he can help his wife by doing so at the weekends, when he doesn't have to go to work the following day.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Lorraine Vakland, Elsternwick, Vic.

MY husband, bless him, believes that parenthood is for both and is quick to give assistance either day or night. He is no ciss either, but a burly army sergeant with 15 years' service and has seen action in both Korea and Malaya.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Godfrey, Launceston, Tas.

WHY should a father not take his turn at caring for his children? He goes to work for eight hours a day and has a break and sees new faces. A mother is on duty 24 hours a day. Any man worthy of the name "father" will help his wife. After all, they are his children as well as hers.

£1/1/- to "Great Grandmother" (name supplied), Darlington, N.S.W.

CHILDREN see far less of their father than they do of their mother, and having him comfort them during the night makes him more of a father than just someone who brings in the money.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Two" (name supplied), Puckapunyal, Vic.

I THINK that "Bachelor" would find his workmate really considers the joys of fatherhood outweigh the inconvenience of getting up to baby during the night. And how often has "Bachelor" complained of feeling tired after a late night? Marriage is a partnership. Why shouldn't the father share the broken nights — they don't last for ever.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Young, Indooroopilly, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE found a new way for a Sydney motorist to spend an enjoyable holiday.

You go to a place in the country, just near enough for reception of the city radio stations. The Blue Mountains, where I went, was very satisfactory.

In the morning you sit looking out at some peaceful scenery. Then turn on the radio to the station that broadcasts Traffic Reports. Over it comes:

"Cars are moving slowly in Parramatta Road—drivers are advised to make detours if possible. Police are still clearing the jam at Kings Cross. Two southbound lanes of the Harbor Bridge are blocked by a collision."

A feeling of quiet contentment comes as you eat your cereal. When the eggs and bacon arrive, switch to the station that broadcasts Parking Checks.

NO STANDING

The announcer speaks like a war correspondent at the front: "Only two half-hour meters are vacant now in Elizabeth Street. A one-hour spot has been reported in Macquarie Street near the Quay — sorry, someone has grabbed it. Observatory Hill is full up..."

Listening at my ease in the mountains, I thought of the wretched motorist in town chasing a parking spot by radio. He is beaten in a photo-finish to the last meter in Elizabeth Street. He battles his way to a vacancy near Circular Quay, but a girl in a Mini-beetle noses in ahead.

How good to be out of it all. And holidaymakers are not the only ones to whom these broadcasts bring pleasure.

Pedestrians can hear with satisfac-

tion about the traffic jams they are not in.

Country motorists are reminded how much better off they are than the city slickers.

And yet — it may be only a matter of time before their turn comes.

"Looking into the future, you can see the whole of Australia covered with cars."

Radio parking checks will announce: "There are a few spots left at Darwin, but they are filling up. Two half-hour meters are vacant at Ayers Rock..."

Sooner or later there will probably be tow-away areas at Woomera and Cooper's Creek. I can almost hear the radio's mournful voice: "Traffic is moving very slowly on the Nullarbor Plain."

Perhaps I am pessimistic. But my advice to outback motorists is to enjoy themselves while they can.

£1 buys an exotic 6-course meal in

Ceylon

The Ceylon Trade Commissioner will issue you with a special Tourist Introduction Card enabling you to save on travel, accommodation, etc., while in Ceylon. A holiday in this tropical paradise with its 2,000-year-old cities, Kandyan dancers and coral gardens need cost little more than a holiday in Australia. Full details from your Travel Agent or THE CEYLON TRADE COMMISSIONER, 66 Pitt Street, Sydney.

JUST RIGHT FOR NURSING MOTHERS

Ford Pills are the recommended laxative for nursing mothers. Ford Pills will not cause pain or discomfort, nor will they upset your baby. Ford Pills are so safe, so gentle, they are now recommended by those that know when systems disturbed by pregnancy need a gentle nudge back to regularity. If having a baby has added extra pounds to your weight, follow the Ford Diet Chart to help regain your former slimmer figure.

GET FORD PILLS in red and gold plastic tubes. 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

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This is the Anti-Colic Teat.

A world-famous baby health authority pronounced one only to be entirely satisfactory for bottle-feeding — a Maw's Teat. Maw's are made so that baby instinctively has a proper feeding action — and avoids digestive upsets. The tender softness of the pure rubber, made by the exclusive Maw's "dipping" process, allows baby to control the flow of milk itself. Maw's teat shape is the most natural substitute for mother's breast. Maw's Teats in four hole sizes fit any bottle with the new Maw's Adaptor. Your chemist has all the Maw's baby-feeding needs — Maw's Dinky Feeder for baby's "little" drinks... Maw's/Milton Sterilization Unit — the sure way to protect teats and bottles from germs.

SHADOWS ON THE WATER

By HONORIA TIRBUTT

THERE comes a time in every childhood when awareness crystallises, so that emotions and images are printed indelibly on the mind. Forever afterwards a certain place, a particular combination of sights and sounds has the power to move the heart with painful longing.

And it is the first people one truly loves that one remembers longest. If chance should later lead the way to distant shores, however eventfully the years may pass, however many new and trusted friends arise, it is never quite the same. There is never the one who remembers far enough back, never the loved one who cannot—mercifully—take one quite seriously as an adult, having known the wayward fancies of that shared and golden time.

In all of us there remains the child within, enduring through youth and middle life, persisting into old age, so that in the end we are drawn back on the hopeful quest, the return to places and people known long ago. It is this which brings the emigrant home at last, seeking his old familiar world—perhaps with luck unchanged and welcoming, but swallowed up more often by alien, saddening change.

For me the place was Westerhill. The years before I remember only with dimness, a tree, a flash of sunlight on the turn of the road, an old dog who lay asleep at the corner of a lane.

We came to Westerhill when I was six. My father gave up his own small farm, took on a job of managing the Home Farm belonging to Westerhill Manor. I was too young to realise the misgivings such a move must have implied, but I remember my mother sitting on the last suitcases in the dim hall of our old farmhouse, gazing up at my father in silence with a look that now as a grown woman I understand, a look that said, "We are right, I take it. We are doing the sensible thing?"

The farmhouse at Westerhill was little different from the one we had left. But it was the Manor itself that became home to me.

I fell in love with it at once, wholly and forever, not seeing the woodwork needing a coat of paint, the cracks in the plaster, the wormholes in the panelling, but drawing my breath at the lovely curve of the long staircase, the tall wide windows with their green velvet

To page 64

*"I thought I might find you here,"
Martin said when we met at the lake.*

Illustrated by

Bob Laskie

*'Flu? No 'cure' perhaps, but there is a
right and a wrong way to relieve the distress . . .*



About the best you can do for Colds and 'Flu

(But you might do a lot worse. Ordinary aspirin, for instance, can, in some cases, add to the distress by causing stomach upset. Disprin, being 'soluble' aspirin, is far less likely to upset you. Get relief this fast, gentle way!)

Sad, but true; there is no 'cure' for colds and 'flu. The most you can do is to relieve the discomfort. "Rest, warmth, fluids and aspirin" is the prescription. But ordinary aspirin can cause stomach upset. Obviously, you don't want to relieve one condition by replacing it with another. For fast, safe relief, take Disprin. Disprin is 'soluble' aspirin . . . it *dissolves completely* . . . brings fast relief, lowers temperature, and leaves no acid particles to cause stomach upset. Disprin is about the best you can do for Colds and 'Flu!

The best you can do for Colds and 'Flu . . . take Disprin!



From Chemists only

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

RETURNING from an assignment in Argentina, newspaper correspondent ROBERT BRISSON was surprised to receive a phone call from Austria. Unknown to him, his brother, REID, had left New York a few days before, and was now asking him to fly over and meet him at Zell, but the line goes dead before he can ask why.

Unable to get a flight, Robert waited at the airport until an old Austrian woman decided at the last minute not to travel by air, and he took her booking. At Salzburg, Reid is not there to meet him, so he goes to the hotel at Zell, where he said he would be staying, only to find they have not seen him. Worried, he seeks help from INSPECTOR STRUBB, of the local police, who finds the phone call had been made at FRAU HUBER's restaurant. ANTON, an employee there, confirms Reid's presence a few days before, but he cannot be traced any further.

Leaving Strubb, Robert meets a girl beside her broken-down jeep and is amazed to find it is CHRISTINE TANNER, whom he had last seen in 1955 when he was in the American Occupation Forces. Her father, whom Robert had been studying with, had been arrested for spying for the Russians. Robert realises with horror they have thought him responsible for the arrest. She now coldly refuses his help.

Meanwhile, Annette Huber has a visit from JOSE ALEMAN, the man who had given her her restaurant and a house on the condition he and his mysterious friends can stay with her when they need a hiding place. Aleman had sent Reid to her house, and since she has been questioned he now realises she will want to know why. That night she dies when her house burns down.

Strubb tells Robert this news plus the fact that Anton is missing, and says he feels there is some connection between these happenings and Reid's disappearance. Later Robert sees Christine on duty at the hotel, but she refuses to speak to him. NOW READ ON.



"Why did you follow me?" Christine asked, as she saw Robert come down the aisle.

ROBERT went outside. Between the pier on the lake and the hotel there was a swimming-pool from which laughter, music, and the splash of water rang through the clear, sunny air. He found an unoccupied deckchair and sat down. A young man was playing an accordion and three girls, all in yellow bathing suits, were humming the melody. An elderly woman, a red umbrella fastened to her chair, was reading the morning paper, two men — obviously Americans — were playing gin, a baby was toddling on round fat legs under the watchful eyes of a British nanny.

Three Frenchmen stretched out on the ground were discussing politics, quoting history, and saying that every system of government carried within it the seed for change; that democracy was doomed and would end either in Communism or in greater nationalism than ever. Germany would never be united without war; the problem of Algeria would never be solved; the African situation would lead to chaos; Russia would never lose the advantage it held over the United States in nuclear power and, in spite of its difficulties in that quarter, would remain allied to China. For a moment he considered joining in the discussion, then thought better of it and turned to his left.

In a chair, only a few steps away, sat a man who looked vaguely familiar, a rather tall, athletically built man who revealed his muscles with every move he made. He was dressed in white trunks, a jacket draped around his shoulders, a straw hat pushed back on his dark, shiny, wavy hair. He wore sunglasses and was smoking a cigarette in a long holder; a heavy gold cigarette case and a lighter lay next to him on a table. Robert had seen him before. When? Where?

Suddenly he remembered. At the airport in Salzburg. The fellow had offered him a ride when he had been looking for transportation. He bowed very slightly, just enough for the other to recognise the gesture if he remembered him, and the man apparently did. He nodded back, his smile revealing a row of very white even teeth. He couldn't have been much over forty.

Robert still waits anxiously for news—third part of our serial

By MARTHA ALBRAND

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 15, 1964

To page 40

KEEP Cold Free

Colds, coughs and 'flu are part of the miseries of life which you just grin and bear. Or do you? By taking Anti-Bi-San now you can build up powerful defences against colds; defences that can carry you right through the year, helping you to fight off each onslaught of colds and 'flu.

All you have to do to make sure of Anti-Bi-San protection is to take 7 tablets. Not all at once but over three days. At the same time make sure all the family take their dose too—there is a special 3-tablet treatment for children.

So keep cold-free this winter and throughout the year. Take your Anti-Bi-San now—before colds get you in their grip.

ANTI-BI-SAN

Your defence against colds

7 tablets
over
3 days
for three
months protection



Available at all chemists
Send for Free Leaflet to the Distributors:
POTTER & BIRKS PTY. LIMITED,
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HOW YOUNG DO YOU FEEL AND LOOK?

Do you wake up each morning full of the joy of living, feeling younger, more vital? Take Bile Beans, the gentle family laxative for healthy regularity. Your friends quickly notice your vitality, how much younger you look. Eleven active ingredients contained in improved formula Bile Beans keep you regular and free from digestive discomfort due to constipation.

Enjoy new energy, with the clear skin and sparkling eyes that so many people wish they had. Take Bile Beans at bedtime with a glass of water.

BILE BEANS

The Gentle Family Laxative

3/- and 6/- from all chemists

587

CORNS OUT!

Medicated Discs soften corns for quick removal. Zinc pads quickly ease pain.



3/6 pkt. chemists & stores
Dr. Scholl's ZINC PADS
LOOK FOR DR. SCHOLL'S SELF-SERVICE CENTRE

YOU AND YOUR BABY

by Sister Mary Jacob

Now in its eighth edition, "You and Your Baby" is available at 15/- a copy.

The author, Sister Mary Jacob, of The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, has been advising young mothers for nearly two decades.

Page 25

DATE WITH A DOCTOR

BY ISABEL JOHNSTON



Audrey tended her mother with loving devotion but her own happiness was threatened . . . a romantic short story



NEXT
TIME
YOU
WRITE
A
LETTER



Treat yourself (and the one you write to) to something new and special in writing paper. Burnie Bond—the kind of paper that inspires the pen. A pleasure to give and a pleasure to receive. Socially correct, Burnie Bond is a rich, brilliant white, which makes for easy reading, yet costs so little. Available at all good stationers.



Burnie Bond

AUDREY waited, admiring the doctor, as he wrote out a prescription for her mother. Dr. Thaddeus Hadley, junior, was sandy-haired and lanky, not exactly handsome, except for his sympathetic brown eyes. But he was gentle with her mother, so patient about listening to her complaints.

He seemed to understand that a woman like her, who'd borne nine children, lost two, raised seven, and been widowed, had a right to feel ill. Audrey was young, overworked, and lonely, the last child left at home. It was a thrill for her to have such a young doctor in the big old, far-too-empty house.

He handed her her mother's prescription. They were alone in the entrance hall. The doctor's call was over, but he studied Audrey's face, his eyes probing, interested. For a wild, hopeful moment, Audrey was sure he was going to ask her for a date.

"Do you dance?" he asked. "I love dancing!" She glanced up quickly and then away.

"Do you like parties? Picnics? Outdoor sports?"

"Oh, yes," she felt breathless with joy, eager to join him in anything he might suggest.

"Then why are you so pale?" he demanded.

Startled, she looked up and saw his interest—his questions—had been purely professional.

"How much recreation do you get?" he probed.

"With my job—and taking care of mother—and this big house—I don't have much extra time," she admitted, "and I don't like leaving mother alone at night for fear she might have a spell."

"Your mother mentioned other children, living around here. Couldn't they take turns coming over?"

"They're all married. My sisters can't leave their husbands and small children. My brothers have to go places with their wives. I'm not married and have no responsibilities. Naturally it's easier for me to take care of mother."

"Don't you have a boy-friend? Someone who'd round up your relatives and see you got a break?"

She lowered her eyes without answering. How could she admit that for a brief, fleeting moment, she'd hoped that young Dr. Tad Hadley would take her out?

"If you should get sick, who'd take care of your mother?" he scolded. "Be at my office Saturday morning at 10 and we'll give you a check-up!"

Yes, she had a date with a young doctor, but alas, it was a medical one! Saturday at his office he checked her weight, her heart, her blood pressure, her blood count. He found her organically sound, but a trifle anaemic, slightly underweight, her

BURNIE BOND IS MADE BY ASSOCIATED

PULP AND PAPER MILLS, LIMITED AND MARKETING IN A RANGE OF TABLETS, ENVELOPES, NOTELETS AND PERSONAL BOXED STATIONERY.

blood pressure a little low. As he registered each finding, Audrey felt lower and lower.

With concern for her emotional as well as her physical fitness he drew up a health programme for her. A walk at noon. Some tennis over the weekend. And couldn't she find some class in adult education she could join? Surely one of her sisters could stay with her mother one night a week?

"I can't count on them, not regularly," Audrey objected.

"What you really need is fun—a boy-friend," he decided. "You certainly are pretty enough. Why don't you have one?"

"I don't meet many young people," she explained. "They're all old in Judge Sanders' office."

"Then why not change jobs?"

"But Judge Sanders' office is so near, I can come home at lunch time."

"Aren't some of your high school friends still around?"

"They've gone away or married."

Frowning, he stared at her, then asked:

"Which sister is closest to you?"

"Emily's nearest my age, only four years older, but she has three small babies, so she can't help out."

"Maybe not, but at least she could find a boy-friend and some fun for you," he decided. "What's her phone number?"

IT was kind of Dr. Hadley to take such an interest in her physical and mental health. It made Audrey feel more attracted to him than ever. But did he have to go out of his way trying to find another young man for her? A few days later Emily called up, much amused.

"Dr. Hadley was real cute, wanting me to trot out some boy-friends for you," Emily giggled. "I told him a small house with three babies from two months to three years isn't exactly the background for romance!"

"He thinks I don't get enough recreation," Audrey explained.

"Why not get him to take you out?" Emily suggested flippantly.

Afraid of showing how she felt about Dr. Hadley, Audrey turned very formal and hung up.

Every time Dr. Hadley called on her mother he checked to see whether Audrey was following the schedule he'd outlined. She wanted to please him, but somehow, in her few free moments, she was just too tired.

One day Dr. Hadley arrived at the door with a kitten. As he transferred the wriggling, darling, slobbering little thing from his arms to Audrey's, he no longer seemed scientific and impersonal.

It was just as if he really were a boy-friend, bringing her a gift. In her joy, Audrey thanked him with an impulsive kiss. The kitten in her arms wriggled. And then Audrey watched Dr. Hadley, flushing, stiff with embarrassment, wiping her kiss from his face.

"Maybe a cat is an odd prescription," he seemed to be struggling for the proper bedside manner, "but I thought it would make you happy."

The kitten had inspired her humiliating kiss, but Audrey still loved it. It was a darling, but oddly enough it was her mother who played with it most. Audrey really couldn't find the time.

The incident must have made Dr. Hadley self-conscious.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Abruptly he stopped checking on Audrey's health. Instead he concentrated on stirring her mother into new interests and a social life. He prescribed that she go to the beauty parlor for a permanent and thereafter once a week for a set. He arranged to have a member of the Senior Citizens' Club call and take her to their meetings.

It was almost a miracle of healing. Audrey didn't know whether to credit Dr. Hadley's prescription—or the spry old Senior Citizen who began taking her mother around—but suddenly she perked up and no longer felt ill. It was wonderful, truly wonderful what

a change Dr. Hadley brought about in her—except that, while she was well and lively, there no longer was any reason for Dr. Hadley to call.

She was even well enough to do some of the housework and cooking. At last Audrey had time to follow the programme Dr. Hadley had prescribed for herself. Her cheeks did grow pinker. Dutifully she enjoyed her noon walk, her ceramics class. But she did miss young Dr. Hadley's visits.

One evening when her mother was at the movies with her elderly friend and Audrey was sitting all alone, the telephone rang.

It was young Dr. Hadley!

"How are you feeling?" he asked.

"Wonderful!" Audrey answered—and the sound of his voice really did make Audrey feel like a new person. Too late, she realised that if she'd been ill he might have paid a call on her.

"Then I've no excuse for calling professionally," Dr. Hadley seemed to read her mind. "But I saw your mother out with her friend. I'm wondering. Would you take pity on a lonely young doctor and help him have a little fun?"

(Copyright)



If you're setting up house . . .

you'll live happier with Hostalen



choose the pick of the plastics—if it's branded **Hostalen** it's quality

Of course you're aware of the light, bright, unbreakable convenience of plastics. But how do you tell one plastic from another? Do you know a superior plastic by sight? When you see the name Hostalen, you know the article is unbreakable, rigid and resistant to boiling water.

That's why the Hostalen mark is your guarantee of superior plastic. Plastic ware marked Hostalen is made from quality-controlled raw material produced by a company with one hundred years of chemical research and experience, and it is processed by skilled Australian moulders.

the quality of

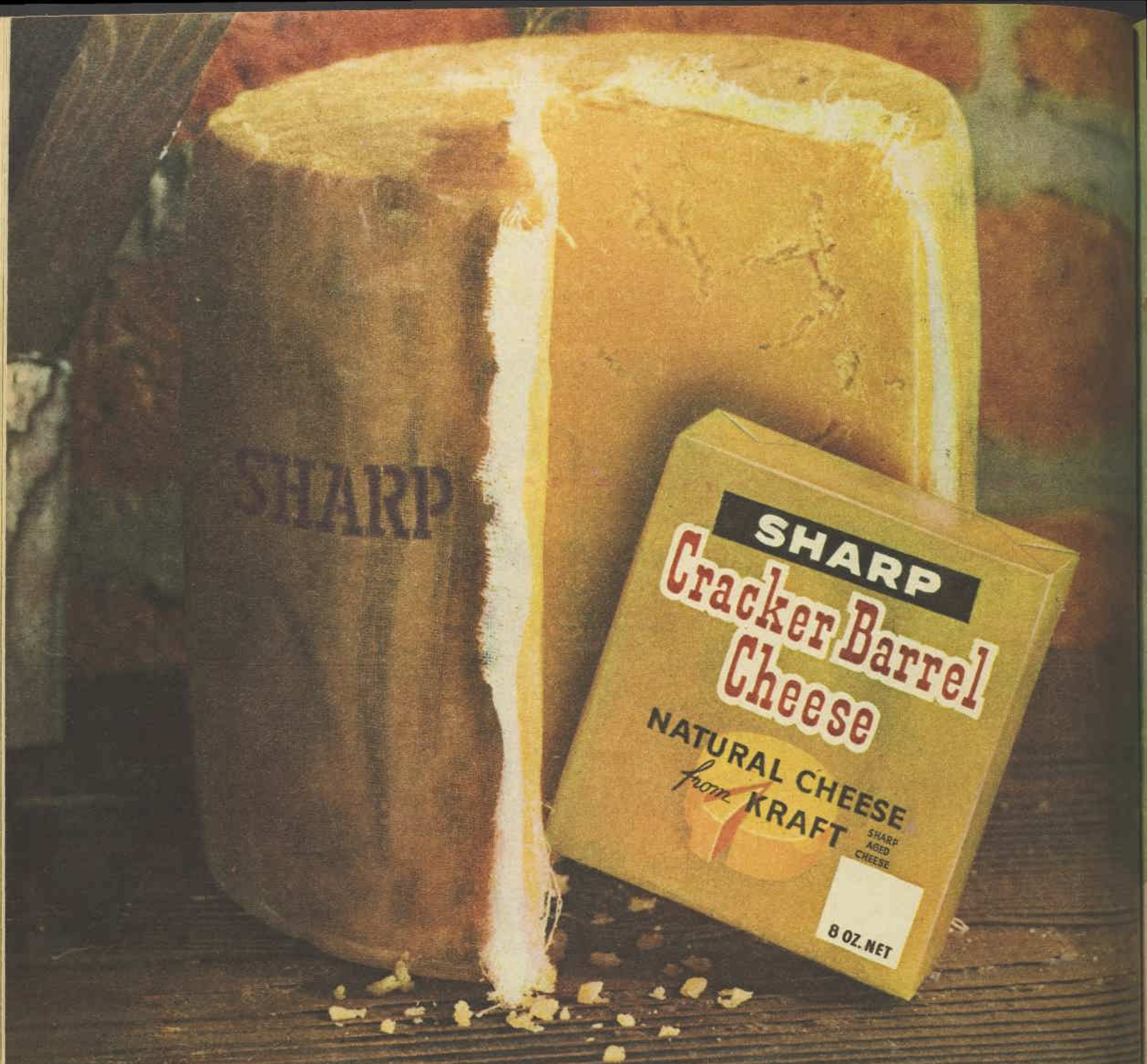


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Page 27



Awarded export honours again in 1964

Cut from the heart of old-style cheese ... and its flavour is sealed in foil

Here's real old-style eating cheese. The flavour is always perfect because it's sealed in foil. And you get the exact flavour you want, every time, because Cracker Barrel comes in 3 flavour-strengths — Sharp, Medium and Mild. Buy Cracker Barrel Brand ready-cut in 8-oz. blocks. There's no rind or waste — just the pure enjoyment of Australia's best natural cheese. From your grocer's refrigerated dairy case.

Cracker Barrel Cheese



for good food and good food ideas



KR20/H



"FLIGHT" — white-edged slanting frills give a real 'Twenties air to a pink chiffon frock with skirt dipping well to one side. About £10/19/6.

"MAJORETTE" — slim shift in pink stretch cotton has slanted lap-over skirt bordered with black-and-white striped cotton to match the polo neck. Two brass buttons fasten the skirt above the hem border. About 10 gns.



THINK **Pink**

with

MARY QUANT CLOTHES, NOW HERE

● "Think pink with Mary Quant" looks like being the catchword among way-out young stylists come spring and summer, for pink — in very sharp tonings — is the pronounced color favorite among fashions by this off-beat young London designer. The Quant designs pictured are now made in Australia (see story on page 33) for sale at approximately the prices quoted.

Pictures by Les Gorrie.

"ARSENIC" — pink lace for a frill-bordered top and frill-cuffed hipster pants finished with a narrow rolled belt of soft black leather. Retails at 9 gns. approx.

Continued overleaf



Lift
the veil
of left-in suds
& dirt
from
your
wash



How New Surf can promise cleanest washing, cleanest rinsing ever

It's not your fault when dirt's left behind, or when left-in suds won't rinse out properly. Some detergents don't deliver the cleaning power they should. With most of them, suds never seem to rinse out properly.

Try **Rinse-clean Surf** and you'll lift the veil of left-in suds and dirt from your wash. Rinse-clean Surf is specially formulated to penetrate better, get deep into the weave loosening and lifting the dirt (even hair oil in pillowslips, grease in overalls). Then all the dirt, all the suds rinse out completely. That's

how Rinse-clean Surf washes cleaner than all the rest.

Nylons cleaner, whiter. Now Rinse-clean Surf guarantees that white nylons stay white. Even when white nylon shirts have a yellow look, you'll see them looking whiter after a few washes in Rinse-clean Surf.

Prove it yourself. Next washday try New Rinse-clean Surf. You'll find it washes cleanest, suds and dirt rinse out completely. We promise you'll be entirely satisfied or your money back.

Surf Washing Advisory Bureau, Box 4326 G.P.O. Sydney





"SCALLOP PANTS" — Peter Pan collared batwing pink top allied with grey stretch cotton hipster pants. The pants have pink scalloping on the trouser hems and fly front. Retails at about 18 gns.



"SWISS ROLL" — pink stretch cotton shift has below-bust yoke of black-and-white-striped cotton edged with black and white piping. Retails at 9 gns. approx.

THINK Pink

Continued from previous page

"LANGUISH" — black crepe evening frock has a white-lined waterfall drape falling gracefully from the bustline, with a looped bow. Retails 16 gns. approx.

"MATA HARI" — long-sleeved "Roaring 'Twenties" shift in hyacinth-blue and tabac-brown chiffon has a feather boa collar of matching blue and brown ostrich feathers. About 17 gns.

Continued overleaf





Modess *because*

Such poise and assurance... such confidence... yours when you choose Modess napkins. Only Modess has such fine features... an exclusive Masslinn* cover for extra softness, a "Magic Channel" of protection and a discreet deodorant you can trust.

Johnson & Johnson



Page 32



*Registered Trade Marks



MODESS 'SUPER'
a larger napkin
for extra absorbency



VEE-FORM* BY MODESS
slimmer... deeper, too
exclusive V-shape

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 15, 1964

THINK Pink

Concluded

THE original Mary Quant collection to be on display in stores all over Australia this month has two themes, the Good Girl and the Flighty Girl.

The Flighty Girl fashions are strongly

reminiscent of the Roaring 'Twenties styles.

But whichever theme it is, the line, in the main, is clean and uncluttered with a frequent leaning to the A-line, while the top popular fabrics are stretch cotton, crepe, chiffon, and linen.

The stretch cotton is an entirely new fabric. It stretches on the weft and

guarantees the wearer no rounded line about the seat after a long sitting session in skirt or pants.

The firm which is making these Mary Quant clothes under licence in Melbourne has an established reputation for exciting young styles.

This new project follows their trend toward the dashing and unusual in up-to-the-minute fashions.

An interesting thing about the collection is that although it is chiefly angled for the way-out fashion follower, there is a lot in it that is eminently wearable for the older and staid.

It will be the first time the Australian-made garments have been available in this country.

"KEYHOLE" — pink stretch-cotton frock with triangular "key-hole" below the V neck filled in with a fold of fine pin-tucking. Retail at about 11 gns.



"POLLY" — pink-spotted white cotton evening frock has two fluting frills piped to match shoestring straps. About 12 gns.



Modess Belts

because



MODESS DeLuxe



MODESS Adjusta Form



MODESS Fine Form

... the exclusive range of Modess Belts offers you a style to suit your own individual need ... a feeling of complete comfort and security at all times. Always choose a Modess Belt.

Made of luxury, all white nylon, the revolutionary VEE-FORM® Belt lasts longer, washes and dries in minutes.



"POTPOURRI" — there's an A-line feeling about this pink linen frock with wide daisy-decked "cummerbund." About £9/19/6.

*Registered Trade Marks.

PRODUCTS OF Johnson-Johnson



Spaghetti, magnifico... with the flavour of **MAGGI** Bolognaise Sauce

All you do is cook the spaghetti in your own special way. While it cooks, open a pack of Maggi Bolognaise Sauce, mix, stir and heat. It's ready! Then pour it, fragrantly steaming, on the spaghetti, serve, and accept the acclamation of the house!

There are five deliciously different Maggi sauces: Savoury Mushroom, Curry, White, Brown Onion and Bolognaise — a sauce for any and every dish.



Try this idea too!

RICE MEXICANA

Place $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of washed rice in greased oven-proof dish. Sprinkle on 1 pkt. Maggi Bolognaise Sauce and 1 tsp. salt. Add 3 tbsp. tomato paste dissolved in 1 pint hot water. Mix lightly with fork and cover. Bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. moderate oven. Serves 4 as an entree.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

BEATLES

Souvenir

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

July 15, 1964



knob of butter, 4 teaspoon of cinna- burne and stains. At ASTOR we're always looking for ways to improve your TV pleasure.

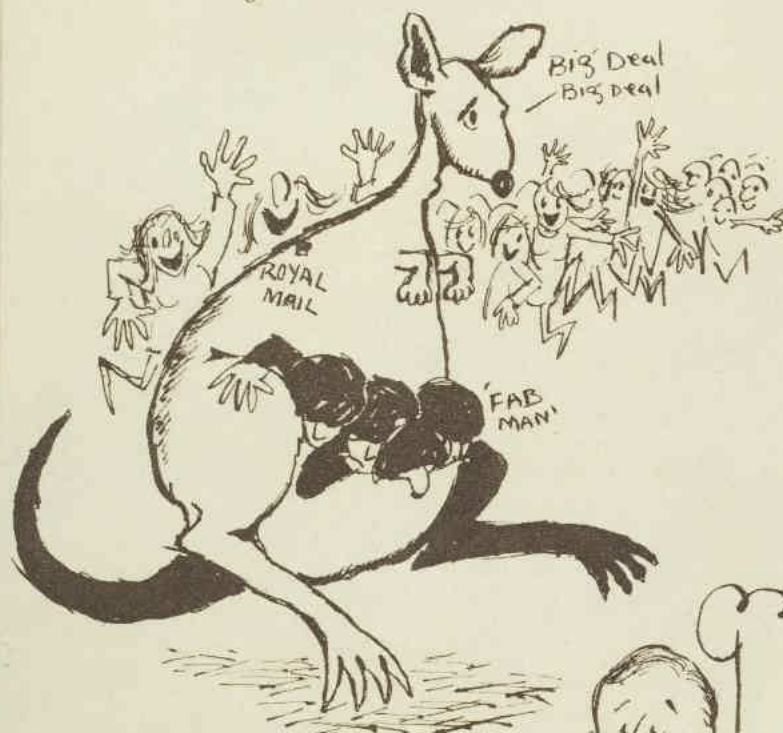
HOW OUR TAME BEATNIK SAW THE TOUR



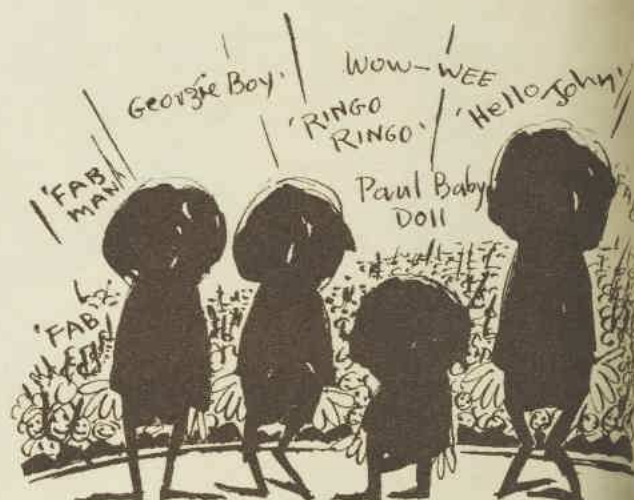
Dear Angelique,



1. One day four Beatles came to town . . .



2. After being rescued from their many friendly admirers they jumped into the transport provided and hopped away . . .



3. To give a show that pleased everybody . . .



4. And after meeting the locals (how many names and faces could they remember?) they faced some different-type fans. After which . . .

5. . . they folded their tents and silently stole away to enjoy this rare experience all over again in Xingu, Ystad, Yubi, Zoisa, Zolder — and, of course, Zollino.

Yours (Fort this week only)
Lovell Jones

OUR COVER PICTURE shows The Fabulous Four relaxing in their hotel suite on the day before they left Sydney for New Zealand.

Pictures on cover and pages 4 and 5 by staff photographer Barry Cullen.



LIBRA
SEPTEMBER
21-OCTOBER 23

Born on
October 9,
1940



A SECOND BABY FOR JOHN?

● Like most Librans, John Lennon needs enthusiastic encouragement in order to do his best. But what a best!

I am bound to say that the signs under his birthdate — October 9, 1940 — indicate that he may not at times be the easiest of people to get along with.

But John will always attract a full share of affection because of his exceptional qualities.

I PREDICT that he can expect to hear that he is to be a father again.



GEORGE TO FACE PROBLEMS?

● The key to George Harrison (born Feb. 25, 1943 — a Piscean) is that he loves animals, as many do.

Likewise, show George someone who has been hard done by — and sympathy will shine from him.

I want to tell George to listen more to what his instincts tell him is right. Guard against becoming emotionally confused.

I PREDICT that George Harrison will face the risk of being diverted from what he believes is right for him.

PISCES
FEBRUARY 20-
MARCH 20



Born on
February 25,
1943



What the stars predict for The Beatles

● World-famous astrologer-clairvoyant Maurice Woodruff, descendant of a gypsy, here forecasts The Beatles' lives. If you share a Beatle star, the author offers tips about your future, too.



Born on
July 7,
1940

BUSINESS DEAL FOR RINGO?

● Of all The Beatles, I say Ringo Starr is the one who has definitely decided what he wants to achieve. That is typical of those of his sign, Cancer.

Ringo is to me the real swinger of the group. He's putting behind him that Cancer trend toward indecision and hesitation.

Nevertheless, Cancer people like Ringo, who was born July 7, 1940, are quick to notice when they're being treated unfairly.

They can be contrary when peeved!

I PREDICT that Ringo Starr will make a business deal apart from The Beatles this year.



CANCER
JUNE 23-JULY
23



WEDDING BELLS FOR PAUL?

● Watch Paul McCartney this year! Like most people born under Gemini, Paul thrives on change and can't stand doing the same old things for long.

The sky is clearly the limit for lucky Paul, whose Gemini gifts of quick-wittedness and talent help him to be one of the great entertainers.

Some people may find Geminis like Paul far too critical and analytical. They could be annoyed by the Gemini tendency to doubt things — and idealists will regard Geminis as too concerned about practical and materialistic things.

I PREDICT that Paul will marry this year.



Born on
June 18,
1942

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE
21



NOW RINGO IS A



UFFLED DRUMMER!

SYDNEY disc jockey Mad Mel (in crazy "glasses," centre) presented The Beatles with a scarf 8128ft. long. Almost 12,000 fans from as far away as Fiji contributed pieces for the knit-witty warmer.

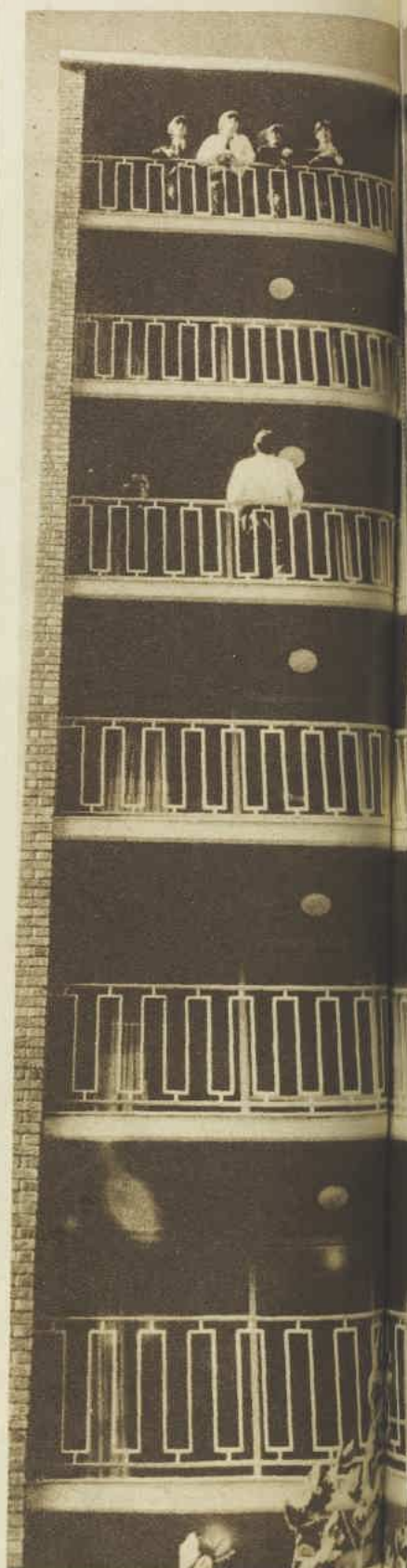


THEY CAME . . . THEY



FIRST LANDING (above) in Australia—at Sydney—was wet, but more relaxing days were ahead. In Melbourne, George Harrison went for a spin in a sports car. "I would have quite liked to go with George," said Paul, "but I'm a bad driver. I haven't even got my licence—I lost it for speeding."

Page 6—Teenagers' Weekly



MOST FANS waited for hours outside The Beatles' Sydney hotel, but two teenagers kept a Beatle watch (and got to meet the boys) from a comfortable . . .

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—July 15, 1964

Y SAW ... THEY CONQUERED



... room inside the hotel: Sally Campbell, of Greenwich, N.S.W., and Osla Cameron, of Roseville, N.S.W., were guests there, too. Picture shows the boys on their balcony.

A BEATLE CONCERT fan in ecstasy. In an interview Paul destroyed a Beatle legend: "Ringo hasn't got 3984 rings, as the tale goes — he's got about nine or ten." Paul thinks the fantastic "tale of the rings" began when Ringo told a reporter in America that he had "about two or three thousand" just for a joke.



THE BEATLES on Melbourne Town Hall balcony during their civic reception. The crowd is watching the boys but Paul has eyes only for the camera.

HOME HINTS

● These useful household hints sent in by readers win prizes of £1/1/- each.

AFTER squeezing the juice from lemons, put the rinds in freezing compartment of refrigerator. They grate very easily when frozen, and are useful to add flavoring to cakes and puddings.—Mrs. L. Zanardi, No. 3, Third Ave., Rutherford, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
To get extra wear out of children's white socks that have become too stained for use, make some strong tea and dye them brown with it. They will then be suitable for schoolwear.—Miss Christine Kingdon, 3 Alta St., Canterbury, Vic.

★ ★ ★
Small curtain rings are more effective for hanging up school clothes than loops of tape, which often need replacing. Work blanket stitch round the ring in wool, then sew firmly to the garment with strong thread.—Mrs. E. Fredericks, 32 Phillip St., Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Shape pikelets by dropping them, a dessertspoon at a time, into egg-rings on a greased grill. They will be even and perfectly round.—Mrs. E. Fisher, 34 Sinclair Court, Anzac Highway, Camden, S.A.

★ ★ ★
To defrost refrigerator quickly, stand electric fan on kitchen stool, open refrigerator door and let the current of air play on the frosted-up freezing section. Prop freezer door open so air reaches right inside.—Mrs. G. P. Connard, 10 Olive Grove, Parkdale, Vic.

★ ★ ★
Tempt a child to eat when he is really off his food by flavoring a well-beaten egg flip with vanilla and two teaspoons of drinking chocolate. My children regard this as a real treat.—Mrs. P. Craig, 55 Flinders Rd., North Ryde, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Use mayonnaise instead of butter, pepper, and milk when next mashing potatoes. This gives them a wholly different appearance and flavor.—Mrs. L. Logan, 51 Cross St., New Town, Tas.

★ ★ ★
When grilling sausages, secure them, six at a time, on two skewers—one from either side. You can turn all six at the same time, saving much fumbling.—Mrs. Joan Enders, 62 Chelsea Rd., Chelsea, Vic.

★ ★ ★
Furniture will always shine more brightly if polished in fine, dry weather. On a damp day wood absorbs moisture from the atmosphere, which dulls the finish.—Mrs. B. Caulfield, 45 Grandview Ave., Burwood, Vic.

★ ★ ★
A quick tip when stuffing a fowl is to push in a butter paper after the stuffing. The paper will stay securely in place, is easy to remove, and saves sewing up the fowl.—Mrs. Betty Martyn, Pindar, via Mullewa, W.A.

★ ★ ★
On shopping day put the clothes basket in the back of the car to take parcels. When you get back home they can all be carried into the house in one trip.—Mrs. N. Fox, Pheasant Crescent, Jennings, N.S.W., via Wallangarra, Qld.

★ ★ ★
Piano keys that have become yellow and discolored can be restored to their natural ivory by rubbing them with a cloth dampened with eau-de-cologne.—Miss H. Benn, 33 Beatrice St., Bardon, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★
To make a delicious creamy porridge that children will look forward to every morning: When cooking the porridge, add ½ cup milk, knob of butter, ½ teaspoon of cinnamon, and the sugar usually added at table.—Mrs. Sheila Wittwer, 7 Cynthia St., Adamstown 3L, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Collectors' corner

● This week, our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives his opinions on two old silver jugs.

Could you please tell me how old are these two silver jugs? The bigger one has a hallmark of a lion, shield, the letter "M," and queen's head; these markings are preceded by the letters "FBM." Marks on the smaller jug are the letter "S," 70C, and the word "sterling."—Mrs. C. Simonds, 27 Macken St., Jewfish Point, N.S.W.

The small jug is an Irish cream ewer made about 1770. The bigger one is also a fine example of the silversmiths' craft, but I cannot give you a definite age for it without seeing the hallmark. So much depends on the style and character of the date letter marks and surrounding shields.



● Two old silver jugs.



Little things
build a better
picture



ASTOR 'Royal' TV Stereo-Radiogram

The many tiny parts that go into the making of an ASTOR television tube take careful handling. On microscopic assembly stages like these depend the quality of the picture you get. This is only one of the hundreds of special skills which combine to maintain the quality of ASTOR. Unceasing research, too, has resulted in many advanced features—many of them just little things—but they make a big difference to looks as well as performance. Polyester, for instance, an exclusive ASTOR glass-hard finish, which enhances the richness of fine timber, at the same time gives remarkable resistance to scratches, burns and stains. At ASTOR we're always looking for ways to improve your TV pleasure... after all, little things do make a difference. Seen the difference in ASTOR TV lately?

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Page 35

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FORTY SPRING AND SUMMER ANNUALS

—A guide to sowing and planting

By R. H. ANDERSON

● With their rapid growth and brilliant coloring, annuals brighten established gardens and relieve the barrenness of new ones.

They can be used for display beds, in borders, for color patches in shrubberies, or for cut flowers. Most prefer open positions, but some are tolerant of close neighbors.

THE best time for sowing varies greatly with every district and it is impossible to give hard and fast rules. In Australia, conditions may be temperate, tropical, or sub-alpine, so allowance should be made accordingly.

The guide given overleaf is devised mainly for temperate con-

ditions where the main sowings are from August to October.

Many of the annuals mentioned can be sown later in spring or early summer, including phlox, cosmos, nasturtium, petunia, portulaca, antirrhinum, verbenas, and zinnia.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—Page 31



PETUNIAS of this newer type, *Color Parade*, produce exhibition-size blooms in an array of clear colors. They have the free-flowering and compact habit of the older multiflora types, but the blooms are much larger.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—Page 32

Seeds can be sown direct in the positions where they are to grow or can be sown in seed-beds or boxes and transplanted.

Some annuals, including those developing a tap-root, resent transplanting and make better growth if sown on the permanent site.

Examples of these are acroclinium, balsam, celosia, African marigold, phlox, and torenia.

DEPTH OF SOWING

The golden rule is to cover the seed to a depth two to four times the size of the seed. This means in most cases a coverage of one-eighth to half an inch.

Sowing too deep will exhaust the tiny seedlings in their efforts to reach sun and air.

Very small seed can be sown on the soil surface, patted gently with a piece

of board, and then dusted very lightly over with soil.

At times it is advisable to mix very small seed with sand to prevent over-thick sowing.

TIME OF EMERGENCE

Most annuals take ten to 20 days to appear above the soil surface. Some may take three to four weeks, including acroclinium, verbenas, torenia, celosia, anchusa, and didiscus.

Among the quickest to appear are aster, cosmos, marigold, sunflower, and dimorphotheca.

TIME TAKEN TO FLOWER

Most annuals will flower in 12 to 24 weeks after sowing, depending on various conditions.

The fastest are alyssum, balsam, eschscholtzia, and portulaca, which

take only six weeks to 10 weeks to start their colorful displays.

PINCHING BACK

Many annuals make more branching and sturdier growth if the seedlings are pinched back.

This means removing two or three inches from the top when the seedlings are four to six inches high. The resulting laterals can also be shortened if necessary.

Annuals which can be improved by pinching back include petunias, phlox, antirrhinum, and verbenas. Others, however, such as amaranthus, celosia, helianthus, tithonia, and lace-flower, should not be touched.

Zinnias are best left alone, except sometimes for the removal of the first bud only.

WATERING

Take great care in watering before or after sowing. A fine, gentle spray is needed; if boxes are used, these can first be placed in a tub of water.

The level of the water in the tub should be below that of the soil. Boxes can be covered with glass, hessian, or even paper after sowing, but such cover should be removed as soon as the seed germinates.

A tent of fly-gauze can be placed over the boxes or beds. This assists gentle watering but gives plenty of light and air.

TRANSPLANTING

Seedlings can be transplanted direct to the permanent site or pricked out in beds, boxes, or other containers and grown on before planting. The latter usually make the better plants.



KING ASTER, one of the most popular garden and cut-flower varieties. The petals of the large blooms are quilled, which allows them to shed water and prevents them from sogging together after rain; thus they last a long time.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—Page 33



VERBENA: Gaiety Mixed. This may be sown in spring or autumn but generally spring, as it performs happily during the hot dry weather.

Overleaf:
SOWING
CHART

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—Page 34

it's magic!

Scotties Magic Oval

It's magic—the way Scotties Facial Tissues dispense themselves from the Magic Oval box. Take one, another floats up after it. Take a handful and they stay neatly folded.

Scotties Facial Tissues are wet strength—you can't sneeze through them. Choose sophisticated lilac, tender English rose, freshest yellow, sparkling white.



take one for a sneeze



or as many as you please!



aachoo—bless you,
and bless
Scotties tissues, too!

SOWING GUIDE FOR ANNUALS (August-October)

● Some plants in this chart are not strictly annuals but are biennials or even perennials. In gardening practice, however, they are often treated and grown as annuals.

D means sowing *direct* in permanent positions. S means sowing in *boxes or beds* and then transplanting.

Name	Method	Distance	
		between plants	between rows
Acoclinium (everlasting daisy)	D or S	9 inches	12 inches
Ageratum (floss flower)	S	9"-12"	12"-15"
Alyssum (sweet alic)	D or S	4"-6"	6"
Amaranthus (prince's feather)	D or S	18"-24"	24"-30"
Anchusa (Cape forget-me-not)	D or S	4"-6"	6"-12"
Antirrhinum (snapdragon)	S	15"	18"
Aquilegia, in cool districts	S	12"-15"	15"-18"
Asters	S	9"-12"	15"
Balsam	D	12"	12"
Begonia, bedding	S	9"	9"
Brachycome (Swan River daisy)	D	4"-6"	8"-10"

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 35



DWARF COCKSCOMB is spectacular in rockeries and borders. Grows 10in. to 12in. Sow Sept. to Nov.

POWDER-PUFF ASTER (below). Each plant is like a neat bunch of flowers. They last well when cut.



Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 36



CELOSIA THOMPSONI (feathered cockscomb) grows about 18in. high, with a wealth of bright plume-like flowers in shades of crimson, scarlet, gold. Fire Feather is a fine dwarf (12in.).

All pictures taken at Yates Trial Grounds, Castle Hill, N.S.W.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 37

Name	Method	Distance	
		between plants	between rows
Calliopsis	D or S	9"	12"
Celosia (cockscomb)	D	9"-12"	12"-15"
Clarkia, in cool districts	D or S	9"-12"	15"-18"
Coleus, for foliage	S	12"-15"	15"-18"
Cosmos	D or S	15"-18"	18"-24"
Dianthus	D or S	9"-12"	12"
Didiscus (lace flower)	D	6"-9"	9"-12"
Dimorphotheca	D	9"	12"
Eschscholtzia (Californian poppy)	D	9"-12"	12"-15"
Gaillardia	D or S	12"	15"
Gomphrena (globe amaranth)	D or S	9"	12"
Gypsophila	S	9"-12"	12"-15"
Helichrysum (straw flower)	D or S	12"-16"	12"-18"
Linaria, in cool districts	D	4"	6"
Marigold (African)	D	15"	15"
Mignonette	D or S	4"-6"	6"-9"
Nasturtium	D	9"	9"
Petunia	D or S	12"	12"-15"
Phlox	D	6"-9"	9"-12"
Portulaca	D	4"	6"
Rudbeckia	S	9"-12"	12"-15"
Saponaria	D or S	4"-6"	6"-9"
Salpiglossis	D	6"-9"	6"-9"
Torenia	D	6"-8"	6"-8"
Verbena	D or S	12"-15"	15"-18"
Tithonia (Mexican sunflower)	D or S	24"	24"-36"
Ursinia	D or S	6"-8"	8"-12"
Venidium	D	9"-12"	9"-12"
Zinnia	D or S	18"	18"-24"

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 38

Robert took the cup. If Aleman hadn't heard anything there wasn't much point in talking about Reid, but, oh, the need was there, a strange need, never felt before, to explain what kind of a man Reid was, as if by explaining he could clarify it to himself.

"He'll turn up," said Aleman. "You can never tell what a chap's up to on his holiday."

Not on a holiday, Robert wanted to say, but stopped himself and shook the cup. The dice rolled out. Two fives and a three.

"That's not a lucky number."

"I'm not superstitious."

"I am," said Aleman. "You'll see. I'm going to win."

He let the dice rattle. This time they added up to seventeen. Robert had thirteen again. "You're right," he said, looking for a waiter and,

seeing none, rose. "I'll order them. What's yours?"

"I guess champagne, at this hour. Veuve Cliquot."

Apparently the South American took it for granted that anyone who could afford to stay at the Nepomuk could also afford one of the most expensive vintages.

The bar was deserted. Robert rang the bell, and when no waiter appeared, rang again, then stepped out on to the balcony with its small tables and low chairs, but saw no one there, either. Suddenly he heard Christine's voice. "But Mr. Aleman, our place is not for sale."

She sounded very definite about it and a little annoyed. Robert glanced across the railing and could

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

see her standing directly below him, holding a big bunch of flowers. Aleman had taken off his hat and now he was taking off his sunglasses and twirling them rapidly. "But I just talked to your father. About an hour ago. I couldn't have misunderstood him. As a matter of fact, he's expecting me this afternoon, and I hope we can settle the deal then. Will I see you?"

"I'll be there," said Christine. "I don't work on Sunday afternoon."

Aleman put his glasses on again, bowed. "It will be a pleasure," he said, and sauntered back in the direction of the pool.

Christine remained standing motionless until he was out of sight, then she lifted the flowers to

her face and buried it in the blossoms. Her shoulders were shaking; she was crying. Robert ran back into the bar, almost colliding with the bartender who, out of breath, was excusing himself. "Sorry to have kept you waiting, sir."

"A bottle of Veuve Cliquot for Mr. Aleman. At the swimming-pool. Tell him I'll join him in a moment. And put it on my bill."

But the spot where Christine had stood was empty. Robert went into the hall to ask the clerk where he could find her and was told that she had just left for Dienten. If he drove fast he might overtake her. He rushed down to the parking lot, got into his car, and took the same way he had taken earlier that morning.

Even now, in the bright sunshine of midday, the narrow valley was dark with a melancholy light that depressed him. He was glad when he came out of it, as if he had escaped some unknown peril. Suddenly, as he drove through Dienten, he saw the jeep parked below the church on the hill. It was an old church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, and dating back to the 16th century.

He opened the wide door gently so as not to disturb in case there was a service going on, but except for Christine, arranging flowers on either side of the ornate altar, the church was empty. At the sound of feet, she lifted her head, and when she saw him, something like terror crossed her face.

"What are you doing here? Why did you follow me? I begged you . . ." Then anger flashed in her eyes. "You promised not to set foot in this neighborhood. But your promises don't seem worth anything."

It was only then that he remembered her warning. "People often make threats they don't carry out."

"Not my father," she said. "Believe me, I know what I'm talking about. Haven't you any feeling of consideration? Of responsibility? Can't you understand how someone else might feel who has been at the breaking point for years? Go away, please. Don't make a murderer of him!"

He held up one hand as if it were a white flag of truce. "But I must talk to you."

"No. Please go."

SHE turned back to the flowers lying at the feet of a statue of St. Nicholas, and he could see that she was fighting for self-control. He sat down on one of the smooth brown benches to which, centuries ago, the miners in this district had laid claim. "I was on the balcony," he said. "Quite unintentionally I overheard Mr. Aleman talking to you." Christine said nothing. "From what was being said, I understood that he intends to buy your place."

Christine remained silent.

"I also gathered that you don't want to sell it."

Christine picked up a long-stemmed, almost black rose and leaned against one of the red marble pillars as though she needed strength. "It's none of your concern."

"You're wrong," he said. "I've made it my concern, and I'm going to help you."

Christine swung around as though she couldn't believe she had heard correctly, and stared at him, her eyes first opening wide, then narrowing, but she was apparently unable to respond. "I am going to help you," Robert repeated, as if he had not only to convince her but himself as well. And as he heard the echo of his words, he knew that he had been looking for an opportunity to make up for what he had failed to do seven years ago. And this was a better one than he could have hoped for.

Christine was looking at the altar, as if the madonna there could help her solve her problem. She had said no to her father's intention in principle, but without daring to reflect how she could possibly prevent a sale, and now, here, in the little church where she had tried to find refuge and the strength to come to terms with the loss that threatened her, she was faced with an extraordinary decision.

She lifted her head. Yes, she would have to give in to her father, particularly now that he had seen Robert Brisson, and she shuddered as she thought of her father with the carbine across his knees. The money he would get from Aleman would enable him to engage new lawyers and might eradicate his feeling for revenge and his lunatic idea that by killing Robert he might prove his innocence. Oh, why had Robert Brisson come back to Austria, come back just at this point? Without his presence, she would have persuaded her father to keep the farm.

She spoke as if in a trance. "I don't want to let it go. I don't want to sell it, ever. I love the place, it's

To page 41



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AND WORDS AREN'T ENOUGH)

only your taste will tell you Rosella Soups
overflow with flavour!

ROSELLA TOMATO SOUP

(like all Rosella soups) is cooked up from the very best foods, prepared with extra special care. That's why it overflows with flavour. That's why you should try it — soon.



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...the flavour of natural goodness!

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

HAZEL... by Ted Key

all we have. But my father needs money. We will sell."

"How much would you say it would fetch?"

"Forty to fifty thousand dollars. A little more perhaps."

"I'll lend you money," said Robert, "and you won't have to sell."

Christine shook her head. "We don't need your help."

"But you do," he said. "You just told me that your father needs money urgently, and that the only way to get it would be to sell your home."

"But why should you help us, now? You changed your mind about my father?"

Had he? Had Strubb's conviction that Tanner could never have acted dishonorably influenced him? "I don't know," he said, his eyes on the wooden altar screen that depicted the seven sacraments in ten marvellously carved sections. "But you were right in accusing me last night. I should have stood by your mother and you. I shouldn't have left you to shift for yourselves without making certain..."

"You don't have to do penance for it."

Penance? He hadn't thought of it that way, but that was what it was, and the quicker he made up for his egotism during that period, the better. It had never bothered him before, and he probably wouldn't have felt guilty now if he wasn't blaming himself for not knowing more about his brother's affairs, if Reid hadn't disappeared. "It would make me feel better if you accept."

"He needs money," Christine said, "to try again to prove his innocence, to have a new trial acquit him."

"Then take it."

HER face was white and strained, the way he remembered it from years back, the white strained face of a little girl unable to cope with circumstances. And suddenly Robert's heart went out to her. A feeling of warmth, a desire to protect her filled him, which no longer had anything to do with principles or guilt.

"Mr. Aleman will insist on buying the farm," she said. "I don't know if you know, but he's terribly rich. He can afford almost any price. He could offer such a lot for the place."

Robert recalled the big black Mercedes, the casual assumption that he had money enough to drink Veuve Cliquot at eleven o'clock in the morning, the elegance of Aleman's clothes. He didn't doubt it.

"Then make your father pretend to Aleman that you found another buyer, and that the place is already sold."

Christine frowned with the effort of letting the idea sink in, then she shook her head. "It wouldn't work," she said.

"Here," Robert reached into the pocket of his coat. "I'll write you a cheque, a cheque for..." he hesitated, figuring, "for two thousand dollars. If you need it, I'll get more."

Christine stood motionless.

"Come on, take it," he said, getting up. "Come on. And when she still made no move, he took her hand gently, put the piece of paper in her palm and her thumb across it. "And don't lose it, Chris."

And it was then that both of them remembered days long past, days when he had put some coins in her hand and told her to fetch something, some milk, chocolate, or fruit, which he couldn't have wanted less but which the Tanners needed, and cautioned her with the words, "And don't lose it, Chris."

Their glances met and held. Then, very gently, Christine passed back the oblong blue paper. "I can't," she said. "Don't you see that for his sake, I can't do it? You have to respect a man's pride even if you think it's foolish. He would never accept it. Thank you. I know you meant well. But forget about it; forget about me and my father—it's too late."

It was not the tenacity with which Robert clung to any plan,

any idea or purpose, that made him take the road leading up to the Tanner farm; it was more a certain fury, fury based on frustration, fury with the whole situation in which he found himself. Everything within him resisted the restrictions first Strubb and now Christine had imposed on his freedom to move at will, and his tension made him understand more deeply the strain under which she was living.

He had never let fear for his personal safety interfere with anything he wanted to do, and her apprehension that her father might do something that would only add further disaster to their lives was reason enough for him to try to

allay her anxiety once and for all. Then, too, an inexplicable feeling of urgency, a feeling that he must lose no time, that tomorrow it might be too late, made it impossible for him to reflect as to the wisdom of his actions.

The house seemed to be deserted; as he walked up to its wide front door, nothing stirred. Robert knocked twice before he pushed it open. There was the narrow passage, characteristic for houses of this type, from which several doors led to rooms on either side, and at the end, as Robert could tell by the smells coming from it, lay the kitchen. He called, but nobody

To page 42



Hazel can be seen on Launceston's Channel 9 at 6.20 p.m., Thursdays.



Lead a Gay Young Life with Goya

Jan Lewis, our gay young Goya girl's in an arty mood. Loves to create impressions (mostly on him). Always keeps close the perfect accessory for it — Goya skin perfume. Smart Miss Goya knows there's nothing more feminine, than a refreshing



splash of this best loved of skin perfumes to keep you subtly fragrant all the date through. In six cherished fragrances, there's one for you — Entice, Passport, Goya No. 5, Gardenia, Black Rose, & Affaire. Your chemist has two sizes, 8/9 & 15/6.

answered. Had Aleman already driven over to settle the deal, and were both men out inspecting the property? But he had seen no car parked anywhere.

He went outside again, passed a small fenced-in vegetable garden and came around to the back of the house where the hay was stored. He heard the loud barking of a dog and, at the same time, saw the man he had been looking for. Tanner was wearing no shirt, only a pair of faded trousers and, on his head, an old army cap.

For just a moment they stood rigid, Robert, Tanner, and the dog, as if the amazement of facing each other so unexpectedly had paralysed them and robbed them of speech. Then a tiny, bluish butterfly left the top of a yellow flower and flew in an almost straight line

Continued from page 41

between them, and the air was torn by a sharp command. And as the huge, totally black alsatian leaped like lightning toward Robert, Tanner rushed into the house.

Before Robert could lift an arm to jam it into the wide open mouth of the animal and render his fangs harmless, he was thrown to the ground, the animal standing above him, the saliva dripping foamily from his mouth, his yellow eyes sharply intent on any possible move his prey might make, his breath hot and threatening, and Robert knew that if he so much as stirred, the alsatian would go for his throat. So he lay absolutely still, watching for Tanner to return, knowing with

certitude now that Christine's fears had been justified.

After a minute or two he saw, out of the corners of his eyes, Tanner coming from the haybarn, gun in hand. He was moving slowly, as if his body were being propelled by some outside force, but suddenly he changed his pace and walked very fast until he reached Robert. Then he stopped and stared down at his victim as if he wanted to make quite sure there was no mistake and that it was Robert Brisson lying there, held down by his dog.

"Call off your dog, Tanner." The moment he heard the stranger's voice the dog began to

snarl, but Tanner said nothing, and now Robert could see that the man had aged even more than he had thought that morning. He tried to speak calmly but with authority. "A Tanner," he said, "would not kill a man who is down and defenceless."

"And what defence did I have when you picked me as the man who would best suit your purpose?"

Robert's lips parted to reason with Tanner, but then he remembered what Christine had said, something to the effect that only Tanner's belief that he had been used as a scapegoat had preserved his sanity, and with an effort greater than he had thought it

would cost him, he said instead, "Drop the gun."

Very slowly Tanner shook his head. Some of the dog's saliva dripped down on Robert's cheek, and he had to exact all his self-control not to move. "All right then, shoot. What a glorious end for the Tanners! Your daughter and your grandchildren will certainly be proud to have as an ancestor a man who was a traitor and a murderer."

He watched a blue fire flash in the old man's eyes, saw him tremble, but went on as if he was not aware of Tanner's reaction. "What an egotist you are, Count Leopold Tanner. Your name obviously matters more to you than your daughter's peace of mind." He saw Tanner step back as if to take aim, but then he seemed to think better of it. "Caesar, let go."

The dog looked at his master, then jumped away from Robert only to lie down next to him, front paws outstretched, head resting on them; but his hind legs remained unrelaxed, his ears still pricked, alert, his back arched.

Robert sat up, tore out a handful of the sweet-smelling grass, and wiped his face. Like the dog, Tanner watched him. But Robert shook his head. "No, I'm not going to take the gun away from you. You are the master of your fate and of your daughter's." Yes, he thought, listening to himself and taken aback by the dramatic tenor of the sentence — this was the way to talk to these people who couldn't grasp what had happened to their world, who still believed in the power of an empire, who were used to taking their glory from their majesties, like the sun reflected in a mirror, and had very both reduced to ashes.

SUDDENLY he could imagine Tanner as a young man, dancing in a resplendent uniform under the glittering lights of chandeliers, riding a white Lipzaner, being host on a bear hunt in Hungary, ordering a shepherd to kill, or perhaps himself killing the beast with all due respect for an animal that had taught man so many elementary skills, walking straight up to the bear, a knife in his left hand, his right arm in position to smash it from wrist to elbow into the animal's mouth, both of them — man and beast — meeting upright in a deadly embrace. And he could feel the desperation this man must have felt after World War I, when his country had been degraded to a small State, a republic, the empire lost to Czechoslovakia, Poland, Italy, and Hungary independent. But particularly he could grasp what it must have meant to a man like Tanner when Germany had annexed what was left of Austria and it had ceased to exist as a nation, and how then his name had become the last, the only thing left to be proud of.

In a voice high with disbelief, Tanner said, "You refuse to fight me?"

"I have no reason to fight you, nor have you any reason to kill me."

"I was framed," said Tanner. "And you framed me. Because I had no money and couldn't find a job and had to watch my wife dying helplessly, you thought I fitted the role..."

"That isn't true," Robert interrupted him, but very calmly. "No way true." And as if taking for granted that Tanner wouldn't doubt his assertion, he reached for his pipe and pouch. "I don't know if you were framed or not, but I had nothing to do with it. I give you my word of honor."

"Do Americans know the meaning of honor?"

Robert struck a match. "Some do, some don't — just like Europeans. People don't differ that much."

"But you believed that I could have done it. You did nothing to help, you who knew me, who had endless talks with me, who knew what I stood for — you refused to come forward and tell your people, 'I know this man, he is honorable.' You didn't stand up for me, you..."

To page 43

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 15, 1964

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

FOR THAT TRUE
CHOCOLATY FLAVOUR USE

**Cadbury's
COCOA**

—the added touch that
means so much

Delight the family with this novel **ZEBRA CAKE**

... one of 7 new Marjorie Miller recipes

Ingredients: 4 ozs. shortening; 4 ozs. sugar; 2 eggs; 8 ozs. s.r. flour, approx. ¼ pint milk; vanilla essence.

Method: Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs one at a time. Add flour and milk alternately. Flavour and place in a loaf tin. Bake in a mod. oven 325° or Reg. 4 Gas — 375° Electric — for 34-40 mins. Remove from tin. Cool and leave till next day. Cut off a lengthwise vertical slice about ¾" thick from cake and place crust side down on board. Spread ¼ of the chocolate filling over cut side of cake slice. Cut off another lengthwise vertical slice and lay carefully on chocolate filling. Spread with more chocolate filling and repeat cutting, spreading and stacking until all cake is used and you have 5 slices in all. Leave in position (lying on its side) until chocolate

filling is set, about 3 hours. Turn right side up on to serving dish. Make up a butter icing and frost sides then top of cake. Melt 2 ozs. Cadbury's Cooking Chocolate over hot water then from tip of teaspoon trickle melted chocolate across top of the cake in a zebra pattern.

CHOCOLATE FILLING. Ingredients: ¼ pint cream; ½ cup icing sugar; ¼ cup Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa; 1 oz. melted Cadbury's Cooking Chocolate.

Method: Beat all ingredients together until filling is thick and creamy.

BUTTER ICING. Ingredients: 4 ozs. shortening; 1 lb. icing sugar; vanilla essence; hot water.

Method: Cream the shortening, a little hot water and icing sugar together until white and fluffy. Add vanilla essence to taste.

SIX NEW HILLMAN IMP CARS to be given away!



Win a car of your very own in CADBURY'S 'POPULAR CAKE' CONTEST

All you do is this: Pick up Cadbury's latest recipe folder at your grocer's. In it you'll find details of the contest, an official entry form and seven delicious new chocolate cake recipes. Try each one then state on the entry form what you think will be their order of popularity.

Remember! Six New Hillman Imp cars must be won. Total value nearly £5,000.

There's no entry fee! Send in as many as you like but accompany each entry with a Cadbury Bournville Cocoa packet top. (Except where this infringes local laws.)

Post entries to
'POPULAR CAKE' CONTEST,
Cadbury's, Claremont, Tasmania.

Contest closes July 31st, 1964.
Winners will be notified personally and announced in the daily press on Friday, August 14th.



Give all your cakes "that personal touch" with
CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

The gun in his hands was shaking, and Robert knew that it was senseless to try to tell the old man that the C.I.C. would never have resorted to such methods to solve its problems, nor that he had seen Leiter, the Russian spy, on his way up to their apartment, or any of the other reasons which, at the time, had convinced him of Tanner's guilt.

"Mistakes are possible," he said. "And if one was made, I want to help remedy it. I have heard that you need money to arrange for a new trial." He pulled out the cheque he had written in the church on the little hill, and Tanner began to laugh, a bitter laugh, filled with anger and contempt.

"Do you really think it's as easy as all that? That you can buy your life or a clear conscience? How like an American! No, Brissson. Don't insult me on top of everything else."

"I know you don't need my money," Robert said, watching the shadow of a cloud darken the grass on which he sat. "I know you are ready and willing to sell this place, but it isn't so much that I care what will happen to you — I am interested in your daughter's happiness. She doesn't want the farm to be sold."

"My daughter would do anything to restore the honor of our name."

NO question as to how Robert came to know so much about the Tanners' affairs, no surprise at his frequent mention of Christine — the man was totally absorbed by his own affairs, obsessed, just as Christine had said.

"Because your daughter loves you more than you love her," Robert went on, "she is ready to sacrifice her happiness for your illusions."

"Illusions?" Tanner cried. "What do you mean? I am innocent, and I shall prove it."

"I doubt it," Robert said. "I doubt it very much. All circumstantial evidence was against you, and you know it."

The gun moved in Tanner's hand. Robert chose to ignore it. "But if you accept my help," he went on, "if I appear as a witness for you, you might have a chance."

Tanner was staring at him, and now his whisper was almost inaudible. "You . . . you are going to help me? When did you change your mind?"

"I'll help you on one condition — that you don't sell the farm until we see if this loan won't suffice to get your case reopened."

"Swear it," said Tanner. "Swear it." And now his voice was as loud and firm as it had been almost inaudible before, a voice used to giving orders. Robert lifted his right hand, then held out the cheque once more. But Tanner didn't move.

Robert rose. "Take it or leave it," he said, dropping the cheque on the grass. Then, as Tanner still

Continued from page 42

stood there immobile, he began to walk away, followed by the growling of the black alsatian.

"I tried to reach you by telephone," said Leopold Tanner, smiling apologetically at Aleman. "But you must have left the hotel right after lunch."

"I drove around a bit," Aleman followed Tanner up to the house. "Where I come from the landscape is more imposing, but I prefer the charm of the scenery here. What did you want to reach me for? Change the hour? I hope I'm not inconveniencing you. If you have other plans, I can come back later."

Tanner hesitated, then shook his

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

head and pointed to an old long bench in the shadow of the eaves. Aleman sat down and looked at him questioningly. "It's just that I wanted to spare you the trouble of driving over. You see, the place is sold."

"What?"

"The place has been sold," Tanner repeated.

"I don't understand."

"It's been sold," Tanner said a third time.

Aleman exploded. "I don't understand you. I must say, I don't understand you at all. Ever since you took possession of it, I've been offering to buy it. And you've turned me down time after time. You said it would break your

daughter's heart. Not that I ever believed it."

"I thought you were holding out for a higher price." His eyes narrowed. "When did you sell it?"

"This morning."

"This morning? After I'd talked to you? And do you think that's fair? I thought you were a man of honor. I thought your word could be trusted."

Tanner reacted sharply. "I never gave you my word on it. I merely said I was prepared to discuss a possible sale."

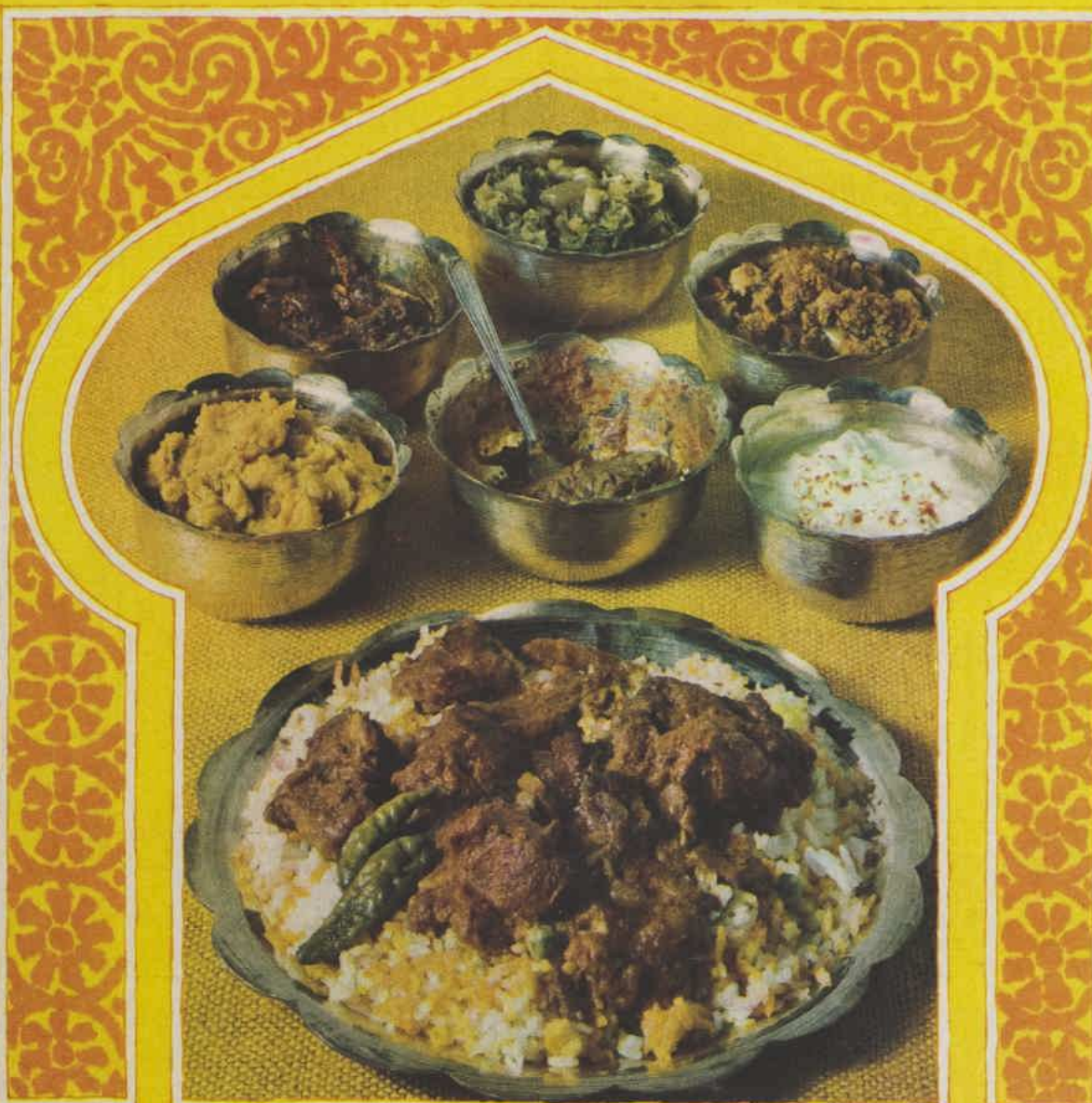
"But you should have let me have the first offer. You should at least have mentioned that there was another prospective buyer. I would have met his price, if not topped

it. You know that I love the farm."

"I know," said Tanner. For Aleman was right. To him it must seem that he was being treated unfairly. And he wished that he hadn't given in to Christine's insistence to tell the South American that the place was sold, rather than the truth—that he had received a loan which made the sale of the property unnecessary for the time being. The lie went against the grain. But what was a man in his position to do? A certain amount of evasion seemed inevitable. And as he thought of the turn events had taken he still couldn't believe in their reality. Dear heaven, if he had shot the man. He shuddered. Why had he wanted to kill Robert Brissson in the first place?

It was hard to understand now

To page 44



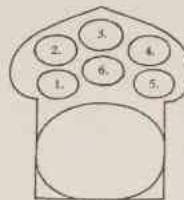
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Continued from page 43

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

why he had ever believed that a murder would somehow prove his innocence. He must have been insane. Strubb had always insisted that the idea was crazy and had tried to make him see reason. But Strubb had not been able to hold out any hope; and Christine's acceptance of the past, her insistence that it did not matter as long as they knew better, had only deepened his determination to fight for the restoration of his reputation with every available means.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but you see — the buyer is a friend of ours, an old friend. And of course . . ."

"Who is he?"

"Someone called Brisson, Robert Brisson."

When Aleman had asked who the buyer was, he had wanted to know the name in order to be able to see the man and offer him whatever

he might ask for the farm, but Tanner's answer changed all this. Brisson. So that was why Brisson hadn't come back to the pool. He had been driving to Tanner's instead. Brisson. Well, he couldn't afford to have Brisson become the owner of this property. It had been inconvenient enough to find it suddenly inhabited after no one had lived there for so many years. He had done his best to prevent it, and failed. But Brisson . . . here . . . on this property . . . climbing around . . . Aleman closed his eyes.

The years fell away, and he could see himself hiding in a small hay-shelter. 1945. The spring of 1945. A man dangling from every street lantern, any man who, without marching orders, had tried to escape the German front and reach home to turn himself into a civilian, or have the British or Americans take him prisoner. Every time he recalled the expressions on their blue faces, the eyes popping out, the tongues unnaturally long, or remembered the way the corpses had moved gently, set in motion by the weight of their dead bodies, he shuddered. He wasn't going to be caught.

He didn't know the neighborhood too well. Even though he had been born in Salzburg he had been barely a year old when his parents had decided to try their luck in Argentina, where his father's brother was working on a sheep ranch. So he had grown up in South America, and if his Austrian grandfather hadn't fallen ill and expressed the desire to see his only grandchild before he died, Aleman would never have found himself during the summer of 1939 in what had now become a part of Germany. He had been drafted into the German Army.

For nearly six years he had obeyed orders, but he was not going to throw his life away when even high-ranking officers were trying to escape obvious doom. Somehow he made it into the Dientner mountains. He knew that his grandfather had died shortly after he had been drafted, but his grandmother was still living, and it was his hope that she might hide and feed him. The hiding had been quite easy, the feeding was much more difficult, and after a week of near-starvation, he had ventured out to see if he couldn't kill some animal, a deer perhaps.

He had reached the meadow where she had told him he might sight one grazing when he heard the noise of an army jeep coughing up the mountainside and he had hidden in one of the little hay-shelters. Lying trembling on the bare floor — all the hay had been used up during the winter — he had looked through the slits in the fir logs and seen the jeep stop and, after a while, a second one, then a third. Five soldiers began to unload one big box after the other and carry them over the rocks up to a cliff on which sparse grass grew, back and forth, back and forth.

They passed by so close to him he could understand snatches of their conversation in the clear mountain air. Two or three seemed to be convinced that all was lost and that what they were doing was sheer waste of time: they should rather beat it and try to get back behind their lines and out of uniform or make it over to the Americans and surrender to them before the Russians got them. But the others maintained that no order to hide those boxes would have been given if the

Germans weren't expecting to use what was in them, well, maybe not now — but later.

There was a sixth man, an officer in the black uniform of the S.S., walking on ahead in long strides, but whenever he stopped to let the men catch up with him, they stopped talking. Later, from above, had come the sound of detonations.

When darkness fell he left his hiding place, which seemed too close to the one where the men were camping, and found another, higher up on the mountain. In the early morning there were more detonations, this time below him, then all of a sudden — silence. When he thought surely all of them were gone he moved cautiously between some rocks. But they hadn't left. They were still there. Two of the men were lowering themselves by a rope over a cliff and they vanished into what seemed to be a hole in the wall of rock, then the other three let the boxes down on another rope, under the supervision of the officer, one after the other.

At dusk every one of the boxes had disappeared and the two men emerged from the face of the cliff — it was as if the mountain had spat them out — and when they had roped themselves up to the meadow again, the officer lined up the five men in a row.

It looked as if he were going to address them, instead he shot them, all five of them. One of them tried to run away, up toward where Aleman was hiding, but the S.S. man shot him with one shot, and the man died ten feet away from him.

IN 1939, Aleman had been eighteen, a more or less ordinary fellow without great ambition, but six years of war had steered an instinct for survival in him and brought him to the realization that life wasn't worth living unless you were in command. He had two hand grenades left and he flung them at the officer with the precise aim the German Army had taught him, killing him instantly. A long time afterwards, he lowered himself down on the rope, which was still fastened to its iron hook, and entered the cave.

When he came out again he dragged the officer and the five men to the edge of the cliff and threw them down, one after the other, listening with a smile of satisfaction to the sickening thud their bodies made as they hit the rocks far, far below. Whoever found them could never possibly connect their bodies with the spot where they had originally been killed. Then he climbed down to where the jeeps were parked and drove them, one by one, to a place where he could push them over a precipice.

At first the fact of being rich had so overwhelmed him that no idea had entered his mind but to enjoy the fortune he had come into. Then, after a relatively short period, he had come to realise, incredible as it seemed, that he was bored by the very things that had once seemed not only unattainable for a man in his position but to promise the fulfilment of all his dreams.

However, as soon as the fascination of the unknown had worn off, he had ceased to enjoy staying at luxury hotels, being waited on by servants, eating caviare and pate de foie gras, and drinking the best champagne France could produce. Part of the reason was, of course, that there was no one to share it with.

To page 48

Special Announcement From Johnson-Johnson

New MICRIN mouthwash and gargle
guarantees you a Clinically Clean mouth-
protection against harmful mouth and throat germs
hour after hour after hour.



fast relief
from sore throats
due to
winter colds

Every human mouth is an open door to infection. MICRIN with its unique formula, offers dramatic protection against mouth and throat germs, the germs that come with colds, sore throats, and flu, as well as the germs that cause bad breath.

Dramatic evidence of long-lasting germ-fighting action. Laboratory tests (conducted by a leading U.S. university) proved the long-lasting effectiveness of MICRIN.



The number of mouth germs is reduced by almost any mouthwash — at the time you use it. But almost immediately germs multiply. The number of mouth germs rises.

MICRIN not only kills 15 kinds of common mouth and throat germs on contact, but keeps the number of germs much lower for a longer time. The mouth stays "Clinically Clean".

Fast relief from sore throats due to winter colds.



Clean-tasting mint-blue MICRIN soothes and relieves sore throats that come with colds — leaves your mouth with a cool, clean, healthy taste. Gargle full strength for immediate relief and long protection.

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Give your throat and mouth this new, continuous protection, with pleasant tasting mint-blue MICRIN.

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How to have a baby on a budget

● The news that our longed-for first child was on the way came at a time when my husband and I were struggling financially to keep our heads above water, and I could see the thought of any extra expense was rather spoiling the effect of the glad news.

WE had both come from large families where money was very scarce, and I knew my husband was disappointed that he wouldn't be able to provide a better financial start for his first child.

I assured him that babies didn't necessarily cost money, and that a child would make no difference to our chance of getting on our feet within the year, as we had dreamed.

After all, we had nine months over which to stagger any expense, and I was sure this could be done without exceeding our already slim budget.

The first step in this direction was to cancel the local private hospital booking I had hastily made and to get in touch with our large public maternity hospital.

This proved to be a good move, as after a long and difficult confinement I needed an extra week's hospitalisation. The cost of the extra care at a private hospital, plus the G.P.'s and the specialist's fees, would have been beyond us.

Also, the private hospital's list called for six nightgowns for myself. As my trousseau nighties were pretty well worn out, this would have been an added expense.

It all saved money...

The white Ben Casey-type gowns supplied by the hospital didn't look too bad, and I made a blue velvet bandeau to keep my hair tidy, and tinted a bedjacket that had faded a bit.

The odds were against my feeding baby myself, but I persevered and was successful after three weeks. Although I didn't realise it at the time, this saved me a lot of time and, incidentally, money.

Of course, the major part of the hospital bill was recouped through our hospital benefits association.

I'm no expert, but I know how to use a needle, and I set to work to make baby's layette. I found a paper pattern that included dress, slip, bonnet, nightgown, matinee jacket, and christening robe. Over a period I bought material at sales and remnant counters and was surprised at the small cost needed to produce a dainty and tasteful layette.

For instance, a little overcoat I made for when baby reached the sitting-up stage took only one yard of white pinwheel velveteen at 5/11 yd.

I lined it with an old white poplin shirt of my husband's and trimmed it with gathered nylon lace at 9d. yd. around the collar, and four pearl buttons. It washes like a dream and is still as good as new.

I must also admit to making a dress in a tiny pink rosebud-patterned batiste, as I very much wanted a girl. My wedding gown had been of embroidered nylon and I used this to make the christening robe and a pram quilt and pillow-case.

My sisters and sisters-in-law offered to knit for the baby,

(The writer has supplied her full name and address, but wishes to remain anonymous.)

and I unashamedly asked if they would make between them a lovely set of dress, jacket, booties, and bonnet if I bought the wool in small amounts. I knitted two plain jackets and four singlets needed for the winter.

I had set my heart on having a white hand-knitted lacy-stitch shawl, and this was my only extravagance.

Not having the time or patience to knit it myself, I bought wool and pattern and found a charity handicrafts shop which made it for £2. The total cost was 45/- cheaper than a comparable item from a babywear shop.

I bought one dozen cheap nappies at a sale and casually let it be known that baby's layette was complete except for a few extra napkins. When baby was born my mother and my mother-in-law each sent me one dozen good quality nappies.

At a linen sale I bought a pair of white flannelette single-bed sheets and two blanket ends for 10/- each.

I bound the top of the smaller blanket end with satin ribbon for the pram. The other became a cot blanket.

My mother had gathered all the odd bits of knitting wool from the women in the family and had crocheted them into squares and joined them together for another cot blanket.

This gave me an idea for a pretty cot quilt. I rounded up all the dressmaking scraps from over the years and cut the prettiest cotton pieces into five-inch squares — florals, plains, patterns, etc. — and arranged them in a simple patchwork.

I pressed the seams flat and lined the quilt with half a flannelette sheet, leaving a wide margin of sheeting to turn to the front as a border with mitred corners.

The other half of the sheet became a pretty carrying rug when faced with printed winchette and quilted with rows of machine stitching three inches apart. The remaining sheet cut in half made a pair of warm cot sheets.

Finding a favorite pram

I had to save hard for four months to gather enough for a second-hand pram.

I rather fancied myself pushing one of those large English-style prams with the high wheels, so I found out the name and model of the one I particularly liked and advertised in the "Wanted to Buy" columns.

Four people replied and I went to see them all. I explained I had only £10 to spend and one lady dropped her price from £13 for me.

A favorite hobby during my pregnancy was junk-shop hunting, and in this way I furnished baby's nursery.

I attended auctions and found that the kind of thing I had in mind very often went quite cheaply. Also I noticed that auctioneers would sometimes knock down an item of baby furniture in favor of a "lady-in-waiting."

I decided to collect cane and wicker furniture, as it was plentiful, lightweight, and cheap.

A cot cost me 25/-, a bassinet on a stand, 30/-, a cane highchair, 15/-, an old-fashioned cane, cretonne-covered chest of drawers and short wardrobe, £1 (I stripped off the cretonne and added new handles).

An unusual cane chair with a lyre-shaped back and a wicker table with cedar top and shelf I later found were real collectors' items and cost me only 12/6 and £1.

I scrubbed every item over with hot water and an anti-septic detergent and left them to dry in the sun. My husband then painted everything white and we have had many remarks since about the attractive nursery "suite."

During the fortnight that baby was overdue I decided to make a fruit cake that would keep well, for I wanted baby to be christened the Sunday after I returned from hospital and to have a small, family-only afternoon-tea party, as this was the first grandchild in either family.

I planned that we would just have sandwiches and coffee and the cake, and I stretched the budget to buy a bottle of champagne to drink the baby's health.

I even got round to icing the cake and once again tempted providence by writing the name I had chosen for a little girl on top of the cake in pink icing.

A few days later when my little daughter was placed in my arms I thought I must be one of the luckiest of women.

With a little imagination, and at small cost, we had been able to provide a lot of the things money can buy — and we were certainly rich in the things money can't.



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Teething needn't mean sleepless nights and tearful cheeks. There's a quick, soothing answer — Tynees Teething Jelly. A little pleasant-tasting Tynees Jelly rubbed on baby's tender gums will make him comfortable and quiet. A mild antacid corrects digestive upsets often associated with teething. Ask your family chemist about Tynees, last year over a quarter of a million Australian mothers used Tynees.

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POWDER & TABLETS**

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"Bet I can roll my hoop further than you", says Sally to her friend.

"Sally's full of energy today", says her mother. "But yesterday she was so sulky and miserable I didn't know what to do with her. A good thing her auntie suggested Laxettes."

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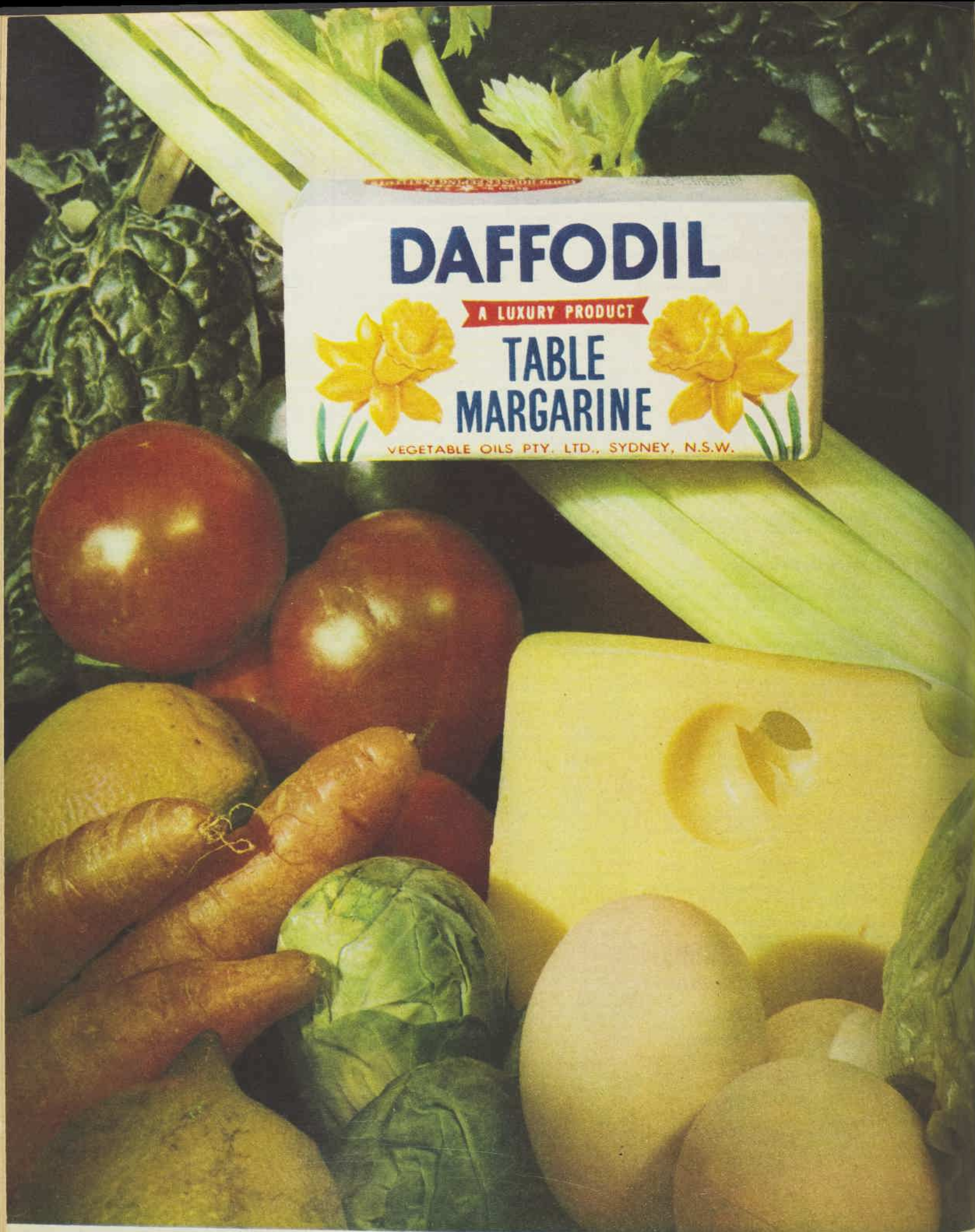


The Bulletin

THE MAGAZINE FOR
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"One of Australia's Great Natural Foods"

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Yesterday I went to see my sister Alison, who had wailed at me over the phone that she'd been in bed for days with flu, that nobody had been near her, and as she felt she was about to go into a good old-fashioned decline why didn't I come NOW while there was still time?

I FOUND her sitting up croaking and smoking in a bed littered with books and bits of knitting and small pieces of white cardboard.

On the cardboard she had written in green ink CLEAN THE STOVE, TIDY THE SEWING-BOX, DEFROST THE FRIDGE, WASH DOWN THE LAUNDRY WALLS, TURN OUT THE BATHROOM CABINET, DUST THE BOOKS, and a host of other horrid-sounding things.

"You must be delirious—oughtn't you to see a doctor?" I said, knowing how she hates housework of all sorts.

"I've found this wonderful book on housekeeping, actually written by a human being who realises it's all a bind and a bore," Alison said.

"So what are the bits of cardboard for?" I asked.

"It's a new form of Russian Roulette," Alison said, busily writing SEW ON ALL MISSING BUTTONS on another piece. "You put all these in a jar and you add a few nice ones, just for luck, like GO OUT IN THE SUN WITH A BOOK FOR HALF AN HOUR and HAVE A MANICURE."

"Every time you have a spare half hour and a nasty feeling that it's time to catch up on some of the backlog of jobs, you pull one of these slips of cardboard out of the jar, and you're honor-bound to do whatever it says."

Alison lent me the book, which I heartily recommend to all those who are what the author calls "occasional or random housekeepers." It's the "I Hate To Housekeep Book," by Peg Bracken, and it's sub-titled "When and how to keep house without losing your mind."

It's tremendous fun to read, makes you feel much better about your myriad lapses from perfection, and is full of hints and jokes and time-saving short-cuts to housework.

For instance, did you know that the only practical way to get chewing-gum off anything is to freeze it with an ice-cube and then crumble the gum away—"about as revolting an operation as you're ever likely to engage in," the author says.

She begs you to forget the old cliché that anything worth doing is worth doing well and to remember that when you're pressed for time a fast swipe at the sink is a lot better than no swipe at all.

You should act immediately on whatever housewifely impulses come your way, seizing the moment when you notice that something wants doing and doing it with whatever you have at hand to do it with.

"This curiously specialised age of ours has produced a specific cleaner or polish for anything you care to name. With this in the back of her mind, the random housewife tends to rationalise herself out of wiping the jam off the woodwork until she gets a box of that new woodwork stuff she was hearing about, at which improbable time (she thinks grandly) she'll do all the woodwork in the whole house."

Some cardinal rules for the random housewife

AS well as acting immediately on those stray housewifely impulses, she has four other cardinal rules for the random housewife:

(1) Don't cover things up unless it's absolutely necessary. It just means that you'll have two things to take care of and keep clean instead of one. So don't put anything except groceries on your pantry shelves, don't scatter mats on your bathroom and kitchen floors.

(2) Keep the pots and pans you cook in out of sight in the cupboard or drawers. The only people who should hang up their copper cooking pots are those who enjoy polishing pot bottoms. You must polish them almost every time you use them or they'll look terrible, which makes as much sense as washing tyres every time you drive the car.

(3) Each time you give the house a good going-over, start with a different room. It's quite likely that you'll peter out after a few hours' slogging, and this rule ensures you will at least peter out in a different place each time.

(4) Establish a clutter depot. Then it is up to each person in the house to rescue his own belongings from it.

Some of her other off-beat suggestions:

If you've run out of mice but still have a mousetrap left, paint it and nail it to the wall, spring up, to hold your unpaid bills and old love-letters.

Lipsticks you can no longer bear the color of can be used to write glaring reminder notes to yourself if you have pale laminated plastic tops on your kitchen workbenches.

Old rubber gloves can be cut across and across, from the fingers right down to the wrist, to yield you a boxful of all sorts and sizes of rubber bands.

She manufactures fitted cotton sheets for all her beds by tying a knot in each corner and tucking the knot well under the mattress.

If a covered button comes off her padded sofa she puts a bobby-pin through the top of the button; then, "with the ends together, shove the bobby-pin right into the sofa with the button bringing up the rear. The ends will open inside the sofa, and the button will stay on."

If she gets ink on her finger, she spits on the head of a match, rubs the match on the ink stain, and then washes it off easily with soap and water.

This is a book for all but obsessed and dedicated housewives (for about 98 per cent. of us, wouldn't you say?) and it's based on Peg Bracken's view that most household experts hand out cures that are worse than the ailments.

It tells you how to be happy when you are utterly miserable, how to cope with having too much to do (simple, start everything, instead of doing one thing at a time); how to remember to remember, and how to look as good as the Lord intended.

WHEN A COUGH FROM A COLD..

takes hold..

take BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL!

Coughing is nature's way of clearing and breaking up congestion. But excessive coughing restricts breathing, causes discomfort, and damages the sensitive membranes in your throat. Just one sip of Buckley's brings instant, soothing relief, breaking up the congestion, that is the

very cause of your cough. Buckley's refreshes, too, as its active ingredients go to work. Buckley's is powerful medication. Contains no sugar. Ideal for diabetics. The moment a cough takes hold, do what millions do, take Buckley's. 4/9 at all chemists and stores.

IT'S THE ACTIVE DECONGESTANT THAT BREAKS UP COUGHS FAST!





Continued from page 44

He didn't know any of the better-class people who frequented the places where he now stayed; the only ones who would keep him company were cheap women and nouveaux riches like himself. With the money he could spend, he didn't impress anyone but himself, and those who accepted his tips, servile and contemptuous at the same time.

Even when he had learned to dress correctly, to modulate his voice and move with a certain easy elegance, he still felt that he was respected only because he was rich.

He began to study. It came hard to him, for his mind hadn't been trained to learn anything more on the estancia where he had been raised than was required for the

breeding of sheep and getting the best price for them. But he did have a certain facility for picking up languages. German and Spanish he had spoken fluently already as a small child; English and French came to him quite easily, except for an accent he could not shake off. To read, though, was a completely new experience, and he slaved at it, determined to master at least an elementary education.

But all his dogged efforts to refine his mind seemed to have been for nothing when he finally felt ready to break into society. The circles in which he wanted to move took it for granted that a man could speak several languages; they knew how to keep a conversation going,

how to behave on every occasion, and to control their tempers. An added difficulty was his fear of making himself conspicuous, of drawing attention to himself in any way that might make people wonder about the source of his fortune.

So there he was, with accounts in Swiss and English and American banks, not daring to spend ostentatiously, and — what was worst of all — without a goal. It didn't occur to him to enter the world of business. Why should he rack his brains to make more money when he had enough to last him a lifetime at his constant disposal; besides, like most men who inherited wealth without having had to work for it, he was afraid of losing it.

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

It was not until he had settled down in Argentina for good that he made the acquaintance, quite by chance, of a group of men, among them some former Nazis who had escaped to South America, and others who had been sent out of Germany before the end of the war — engineers, scientists, highly experienced men. They had been landed by Spanish boats and German submarines, saved from probable defeat and death for the future, to form a nucleus from which to start anew when the time came. Like him, they lived under assumed names.

As a boy, he had been fed on the propaganda of the pro-Hitler newspapers his father read, and his respect for the Nazis had been dimmed only by what he had witnessed during the last months of the war, and by his own audacity — that he had been able to kill an officer of the S.S. But as he was among his compatriots, these memories began to fade. Some of the old awe he had felt for his superiors in the army as a young man came back. There was one man in particular who aroused his respect, a former member of the crew of the Graf Spee.

When, finally, in November, 1941, Argentina went through the moonlight of clamping down on the freedom the "Speers" had enjoyed until then, this man's case came under a decree that permitted those who had married Argentine women since their internment to remain at liberty. Instead of being rounded up, all he had to do was report regularly to the officer in charge of his district. Although most of the important members of the crew had managed to escape and go back to fight on the side of the Germans, this man was given orders to remain in South America to carry on espionage and sabotage.

THERE was a hypnotic power in his whole bearing, the gestures of his hands, the look in his eyes, the tone of his voice, and it didn't take him long to discover that Jose Aleman was rich and apparently willing to spend money. Gradually he was considered worthy of confidence and made a member of the secret organisation this man had founded.

Aleman was given a very small position, nevertheless, it was a position of authority. And he discovered that to be in command was what he craved — not the abstract authority of money, but authority over people.

For the first time in his life he became deeply interested in politics and discovered what he had always known yet never thought of a connection with himself — that other men had risen from nothing to a position of great influence, that he was living in times which, in the chaos of progress, seemed destined to lend support to those who were determined to seize power. If he stopped to think for a moment — except for a few countries still ruled by royalty, and they were doomed — most of the world was ruled by dictators, by little men like himself who had understood the times in which they lived, had prepared for the right moment, and acted when it came.

But where was his chance? At first, quite clearly, he saw that he lay with these embittered, fanatical Germans whose crushed hopes and pride cried out for revenge. Like him, found no satisfaction in any aspects of life unless they belonged to the ruling class. He watched and listened. Their speech filled him with admiration, their goals with awe, and the secrecy of the whole thing appealed to a sense of importance.

Rung by rung, and so cautiously and cleverly that no suspicion could fall on him, he climbed from an important position to another — with a few of his comrades conveniently removed by "accident" — he had become their undisputed leader. And suddenly money was supreme importance. Without it he could not maintain his position.

Ever since, he had wanted to be the property to which he had returned year after year, in summer and winter, but it had been impossible to get the original owner

57 It does matter whose baby foods you buy

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BABY FOODS



HAMBURGER STEAK

● Hamburger steak is an inexpensive ingredient to use in substantial family meals or party dishes, and it's also one of the most versatile meats you can buy.

If you cook to a strict weekly budget, you may believe you already know all the ways in which hamburger steak can be used; indeed, some housewives believe they're competent to write a book about it!

But the recipes in this feature, all based on hamburger steak, are new, interesting, and nourishing. There are several ideas for savory party foods, too.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes.

CHILLI CON CARNE

Two tablespoons oil, 1 large onion, 2 cloves garlic, 1lb. hamburger steak, 3 cups water, 1½ cups skinned chopped tomatoes, 3 tablespoons tomato puree, 1 green pepper, 1 small bayleaf, 1 tablespoon chilli powder (or to taste), 1½ teaspoons salt, pinch each basil and pepper, 1 can red kidney beans.

Heat oil in heavy pan, add finely chopped onion and garlic, saute until golden; add meat, brown well. Turn into large saucepan, add remaining ingredients (except beans), bring to boil; reduce heat and simmer, uncovered, approximately 3 hours or until sauce is nicely thick. Just before serving, drain kidney beans, add to pan, heat through.

SCANDINAVIAN RAGOUT

One pound hamburger steak, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs (about 2 slices), 1 egg, 1 small finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons butter or oil, 4 potatoes (peeled and cut into fine straws), boiling salted water, 1 medium-sized cucumber (halved lengthwise and sliced ½ in. thick), 1 can whole kernel corn, 1 tablespoon flour, pinch salt, pinch pepper, ½ to ¾ cup sour cream, little chopped dill (if available).

Combine steak with breadcrumbs, egg, onion, lemon rind, and salt; mix well. Form into small balls, brown in pan in



heated butter or oil. Drain, fill into one end of large greased casserole (stand pan aside).

Cook potato straws in little boiling salted water 5 minutes, transfer with slotted spoon to casserole, piling in mound to fill centre of dish, reserve liquid.

Cook cucumber in little salted water 3 minutes, drain, and toss with the whole kernel corn. Spoon into remaining place in casserole. Combine liquid from corn and cucumber with potato liquid, make up to 1½ cups with little water if necessary.

Blend flour, salt, and pepper with fat left in pan from frying meat balls, stir in reserved liquid, cook over gentle heat until thickened. Simmer 1 minute, add sour cream and chopped dill. Pour over casserole ingredients. Cover, bake in moderate oven about 35 minutes. Serve piping-hot with crusty bread.

BEEF MEDLEY

Two onions (sliced), 1 cup sliced celery, 2 tablespoons butter or oil, 1lb. hamburger steak, salt, pepper, pinch chilli powder, 1 can red kidney beans (drained), 1 small can whole kernel corn (drained), 1 large can tomato puree, 1 cup grated cheese.

Saute sliced onions and celery in heated butter or oil until soft but not brown. Pour off any butter or oil from pan, add meat. Stir over medium heat until browned evenly all over; season with salt, pepper, chilli powder. Fold in kidney beans, corn, and tomato puree. Fill into large greased casserole, cover, and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove from oven, top with cheese before serving.

SCANDINAVIAN RAGOUT is full of color and has an unusually good taste. See recipe at left.

SHERRIED MUSHROOM PATTIES

One pound hamburger steak, salt, pepper, 1 small chopped onion, 2 or 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 small can mushroom soup, ¼ cup sherry.

Mix steak with salt, pepper, and onion; shape into patties. Melt butter in pan, brown patties evenly. Heat mushroom soup, stir in sherry, and pour this sauce over patties. Simmer 15 minutes, turning patties occasionally. Serve with tossed salad and crisp buttered bread.

TOMATO NUGGET PIE

One dessertspoon finely chopped onion, ¼ cup cold water, 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons oil, ¼ cup tomato sauce, 1 small finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon basil, pinch marjoram, pinch pepper, 1lb. hamburger steak, 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese, 1 beaten egg, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 2 large tomatoes (cut into slices), 6 thin wedge-shaped pieces cheddar cheese, parsley.

Combine dessertspoon onion and cold water, stand aside few minutes. Sift flour and salt into basin, cut in butter or substitute until size of small peas. Sprinkle over onion-water mixture, mix with fork until dough is moist enough to hold together. Form into ball. Roll out on floured board to about ¼ in. thickness, fill into 9 in. pie-plate. Trim and flute edge; chill while preparing filling.

Heat oil in pan. Add combined tomato sauce, onion, salt, basil, pepper, marjoram, steak. Brown over low heat in frying-pan. Stir in shredded cheese, beaten egg, and breadcrumbs. Allow to cool slightly, then turn into prepared pie-case. Top with tomato slices, bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes; reduce heat to moderate, bake further 10 to 15 minutes or until thoroughly cooked. Top with cheese wedges, return to oven further 2 or 3 minutes or until cheese melts slightly. Garnish with parsley; serve piping-hot cut into wedges.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR

LEILA HOWARD

TEST KITCHEN

CHILLI CON CARNE, easy to prepare, deliciously savory, is an ideal fork-dish for a party meal.

Page 49



POISE IS MORE THAN POSTURE



The big dictionary on her head defines poise as self-possession in meeting embarrassing situations. But self-possession is a lot easier if the embarrassing situations never arise. Many young women feel embarrassed during a certain time of the month.

Tampax internal sanitary protection all but does away with differences in days of the month.

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BAUME DALET
(Borm Dalet)
the successful continental
foot ointment. 6/- at chemists.

Cookery in pictures



1. Use spoon dipped in water to make depressions for the three hard-boiled eggs.



2. Pour some tomato puree over mixture to enhance flavor before putting in oven.



3. The finished dish. Pour over remainder of puree just before cooking time is ended. Serve beef ring hot or cold.

HAMBURGER STEAK . . . continued

APPLESAUCE STEAK

One pound hamburger steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked apple pulp, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, salt and pepper, seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons fat or oil, 1 stalk celery (sliced thinly), 1 green pepper (chopped), 1 carrot (thinly sliced), 1 small onion (thinly sliced), $\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomato juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup snipped parsley.

Mix steak with apple pulp, breadcrumbs, and egg; season with salt and pepper, mix well. Shape into small balls; toss in seasoned flour. Heat fat or oil in pan, brown balls all over; transfer to casserole. Add celery, pepper, carrot, and onion to fat remaining in pan, sauté lightly. Add tomato juice and seasonings; simmer 3 minutes. Pour over meat balls. Cover, bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes. Sprinkle with parsley before serving.

ACE-HIGH MEAT LOAF

Two cups small bread cubes (lightly packed in cup measure), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk (heated), 1 lb. hamburger steak, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato sauce, 1 onion (finely chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet pickle or relish, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon marjoram, 1oz. melted butter, 1 or 2 rashers bacon.

Soak 1 cup of bread cubes in hot milk 5 minutes. Place meat in bowl with egg, salt, pepper, and tomato sauce; add soaked bread. Work well to combine. Prepare stuffing: Place remainder of bread cubes in bowl, add onion, pickle or relish, marjoram, and butter; toss well. Pat half the meat mixture into loaf-tin, then cover with stuffing. Put in remainder of meat mixture, pressing it firmly and rounding it up

over top. Lay bacon rashers on top. Bake in moderate oven about 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serve hot.

BEEF AND VEGETABLE CHOWDER

One pound hamburger steak, 2 large onions (chopped), 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 cups canned tomatoes (or 1 lb. skinned, chopped fresh tomatoes), 4 cups hot water, 2 bouillon cubes, 1 dessertspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 bay-leaf, 1 cup sliced celery, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 cup uncooked noodles, 1 packet frozen mixed vegetables (or use leftover cooked vegetables), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme.

Sauté meat and onions in butter until well browned. Add tomatoes, water, crumbled bouillon cubes, salt, pepper, bay-leaf, celery, and sauce. Bring to boil, cover, and simmer 30 minutes. Add noodles, mixed vegetables, and thyme. Bring to boil, cook 15 minutes. Serve piping-hot.

PICADILLO

One-third cup sa'd oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped green pepper, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 lb. hamburger steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 8oz. tomato puree, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry red wine, hot, cooked long-grain rice, red pepper rings.

Heat oil in heavy pan, add onion, green pepper, and garlic; sauté until tender (about 5 minutes). Add meat and sauté, stirring, until it changes color (about 5 minutes). Stir in remaining ingredients except rice and red peppers. Simmer, covered, over low heat about 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve over hot rice, garnish with red pepper rings.

MEAT TURNOVERS

One pound hamburger steak, 1 packet onion soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon chutney, 2 cups flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 2-3rds cup butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup undiluted evaporated milk, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, milk or egg for glazing, tomato sauce.

Brown steak in saucepan with dry onion soup and salt. Add tomato sauce and chutney; set aside. Sift flour, salt into basin, add caraway seeds and cheese. Cut in butter with 2 knives until butter is size of small peas. Add evaporated milk mixed with vinegar, mix until just moistened. Divide in halves, roll out one portion into square about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, and cut into 4 in. squares. Place about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of filling in centre of each. Moisten edges, fold over to form triangles. Seal edges, prick 2 or 3 times, glaze. Place on ungreased oven-tray. Repeat with remaining dough. Bake in moderately hot oven about 20 to 25 minutes, reduce heat to moderate after first 12 minutes. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

ONION MEAT LOAF

One cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg (slightly beaten), 2 finely chopped onions, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated carrot, 1 lb. hamburger steak, 1 cup tomato juice, 2 strips bacon.

Combine breadcrumbs, egg, onions, salt, pepper, parsley, and carrot. Mix in meat and enough tomato juice just to moisten. Shape into loaf in shallow baking-dish. Pour remaining tomato juice on top; lay bacon strips over top. Bake in moderate oven about

NATIONAL BAKING QUEST

• This week's progress-prize winning recipe in the £11,000 National Baking Quest is a cake with honey flavor. The recipe is below.

THE Quest is being conducted by an Australian margarine company and a flour company to find Australia's Baking Queen.

For details see advertisement in this issue.

This week's progress prize, a transistor radio, is awarded to Mrs. D. Wilkinson, 15 Balmoral Ave., Berkeley, S.A., for the following recipe:

A TASTE OF HONEY CAKE

Cake: Six ounces margarine, 5oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon cheese, 4 tablespoons milk, 3 eggs, 10oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Filling: Two egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2oz. margarine, 3 dessertspoons plain flour, grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped glace cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dried apricots, 1 tablespoon brandy.

Frosting: One cup honey, 2 egg-whites, 2 glace cherries (finely chopped).

Cake: Cream margarine and sugar, beat in eggs one at a time, add lemon cheese. Sift flour and salt, add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Turn into 2 greased 7in. or 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Turn out and cool.

Filling: Beat egg-yolks and sugar until light, add flour and lemon rind, then melted margarine. Place over double boiler and cook until thick, stirring well (it takes quite a while). Remove from heat, add cherries and apricots, then brandy. Cool before spreading between cake layers.

Frosting: Boil honey 10 minutes, cool. Pour slowly over stiffly beaten egg-whites, beat until thick enough to spread, add cherries and spread over cake.

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Var 3036

SAVORY DISH WINS £5

THE main prize of £5 this week is awarded for a recipe for an unusual savory rice dish, flavored with steak, cheese, tomatoes, and cream, and topped with crisp bacon.

An easy-to-make fruit biscuit slice and a prune-and-apricot upside-down cake win consolation prizes of £1 each.

All spoon measurements are level.

SWISS STYLE SAVORY RICE

One pound veal or beef steak, 1oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons dry white wine, 3 ripe tomatoes, 1 finely chopped onion, 4 cups cooked long-grain rice, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream thinned to pouring consistency with milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. grated gruyere or similar cheese, 3 or 4 lumps butter the size of walnut, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, 3 or 4 rashers bacon (rind removed and chopped), parsley.

Chop finely or mince steak, fry lightly in butter until just cooked, add wine, let stand $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Slice tomatoes thinly. Grease casserole, put in layer of cooked rice, layer of meat, and layer of sliced tomatoes and chopped onion, seasoning each layer to taste with salt, pepper. Continue until all ingredients are used, finishing with layer of rice. In jug or basin, place grated cheese, cream, butter, paprika, and salt to taste, mix lightly with spoon. Pour carefully over rice until even layer of cheese and butter remains on top of casserole. Bake in moderate oven until cheese mixture has browned lightly. Garnish with chopped bacon (sauteed in its own fat until crisp), and sprigs of parsley.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. V. Rietmann, Lot 10, Wayne Street, Lugarno, N.S.W.

GOOD BROWNIE SLICES

Three-quarters pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2 teaspoons spice, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. currants, 4oz. sultanas, 2oz. mixed peel (chopped), 2 dessertspoons brown vinegar, 1 cup milk.

Sift, flour, salt, and spice into basin, rub in butter or substitute. Add sugar and chopped fruits; mix lightly through. Dissolve soda in vinegar, mix into dry ingredients; lastly add milk. Fill into large greased shallow tin, bake in moderately slow oven about 1 hour. When

LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

This is a simple yet savory dish which the whole family can enjoy — and its calorie count is low.

LAMB'S FRY WITH ONIONS

One medium-sized onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup beef stock (use bouillon cubes), 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon caraway seeds (if available), 1lb. lamb's fry (sliced), salt and pepper, chopped parsley.

Peel and slice onion. Put into frying-pan or shallow saucepan with stock, worcestershire sauce, caraway seeds; season to taste. Cover, cook until onion is transparent and almost tender. Wipe slices of fry with damp cloth. Remove onion slices from sauce, set aside. Put in fry, simmer about 2 minutes. Turn pieces, top with onion slices; cook further 2 minutes or until fry is tender. Transfer to deep serving-dish, spoon sauce over, sprinkle with parsley.

Serves 4; calories per serving, 125.

cooked, allow to cool, then cut into slices. Serve plain, or buttered.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Brouger, Caffreys Flat, via Mount George, N.S.W.

PRUNE AND APRICOT UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

Quarter cup butter (2oz.), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dozen apricot halves, 1 dozen dessert prunes, extra 5oz. butter or substitute, 2-3rds cup sugar, 1 beaten egg, 1 cup milk, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder (or use self-raising flour), pinch salt.

Cream butter and brown sugar together, add lemon rind. Spread

on base of lightly greased 8in. square 2in.-sided tin. Soak apricots and prunes if necessary to soften, drain; arrange in attractive design on top of sugar mixture. Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted flour, baking-powder and salt alternately with milk. Spread batter carefully over fruit in pan. Bake in moderate oven about 50 minutes or until cooked through. Leave in tin few minutes, then carefully turn out on platter. Serve at once with whipped cream, custard, or ice-cream.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss R. Maclean, 36 Prince Edward Pde., Redcliffe, Qld.



ATTRACTIVE rice casserole dish for the evening meal or a buffet party wins £5. The recipe is at left.

Step ahead with
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Snug picture of canine comfort. And people can be this warm and comfortable, too, when winter comes.

Westinghouse sees to that. We've faced the fact that people (like Afghan-hounds) have backs and fronts—and sides. And that they may want to warm all at once.

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Heater. You'll have a lot of warm feelings for it. We should have named it the Westinghouse Convection Comforter because that's what it really does (while too many "direct" heaters simply give you hotspots).

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You can be sure if it's . . .

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part with it. Aleman had prevented his heir from taking possession, but only for a few years. And now his plan to buy the place had failed.

He opened his eyes and looked at the Hochkonig, where — although it couldn't be seen from here — the first spurs of the mountain rose from the little green meadow above the cliff. It was almost impossible for the cave to be discovered, but he couldn't take any chances. It had become his lifeline. Brisson could never be allowed to take possession of the Tanner property. Besides, there were other reasons why he should be eliminated.

There was a brook that played Mozart, or so it seemed to Robert as he sat next to Christine in a flowering field near the Hotel Nepomuk. Unexpectedly he had seen the jeep climb up from the lake and had gone to meet it, wondering if Christine's father had told her to

Continued from page 48

return the cheque he had dropped at the old man's feet. But she had smiled at him and said, "I came to thank you."

He had taken her arm, and they had wandered off until they had come to this spot, and she had motioned to him to sit down. They hadn't talked, as if anything they might have said would be too much or too little, but now Robert turned to her. "Listen. Doesn't that sound like Eine Kleine Nachtmusik?"

Christine moved a hand and pointed. And there it was, a primitive device made of wood which dammed the water and, with slender hammers fastened to it, pegged out the composition on bottles filled to different degrees. Then she spoke with sudden spontaneity. "But he could have killed you!" And she looked at Robert as if even

now she couldn't grasp that he was alive and unharmed.

"I realised that." "How did you do it? How in the world did you ever convince him, not only not to shoot you but to take your cheque?"

"I blackmailed him," said Robert. "Didn't he tell you? I resorted to bribery."

Christine shook her head. "He wasn't making much sense when I got back. He just mumbled something about your having been there, and that he was going to accept the loan you had offered him."

Her eyes were questioning him, and for a moment Robert gazed into them. Like amber, he thought, when the sun strikes it. "I promised to appear as a witness for him if and when his case is reopened."

"But how can you, when you believe he's guilty?"

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

"I've changed my mind." "From one moment to the other?"

"No. Not exactly," Robert stared up into the sky, so wide, so high above them, yet blue enough to lend the lake below its color. "Maybe I've never been a very good judge of people," he said. "Perhaps I've seen in them what was convenient rather than taking the trouble to recognise them for what they are. But seven years ago I was certainly much too involved with myself and too satisfied with superficial explanations to put myself in another man's shoes. I really don't know what made me see your father in a different light—you, Strubb, and then..."

"So it was Strubb," said Christine. "Of course. Why didn't I think of that before?"

"Strubb?" Christine nodded. "He's an

old friend of father's. They met when they were in the resistance against the Nazis. And like me he was afraid that Papa..."

So Strubb had known all along who he was and of his connections with the Tanners. And Robert remembered how the inspector had repeated his name, spelled it out. That was why he had been so interested and spent so much time with him. "And then I saw your father," he went on, "and I knew you were right. He couldn't have lived with himself if he had committed a treasonable act."

ROBERT looked at her, and saw that she was crying, her small face screwed up in an effort to control herself, her full red lips trembling, her eyes trying to blink away the tears. "Christine..."

"I can't help it," she said. "You can't imagine what it meant to live with him all these years, and to be afraid... to be afraid all the time... and now, suddenly..." she sobbed, "it's all over. As if it had never been. I just... it makes me feel silly."

The sob rose in her throat, and she turned away from him, stretching out and burying her face in the grass. And watching her, Robert realised again under how great a strain she must have lived and how hard she must have fought to maintain some sanity in their lives. "But wasn't there anyone?" he asked. "Anyone to stand by you?"

Still turned away from him, she shook her head. "No one... after you stopped coming."

He waited for a moment for her to go on, but when she remained silent he knew that she hadn't meant to refer to the past, hadn't intended to

accuse him again, and he looked up into the sky, its blue less intense now as it faced the evening; the little clouds that had gathered around the Kitzsteinhorn were gone.

"I stopped coming," he said, "because I was in love. Because I met Kate. We met at a dinner a French colonel gave. Her French wasn't much, or rather — as I found out later — she knew quite a bit as far as reading and understanding were concerned but was shy of speaking it. She was aware of her accent and didn't know how to turn a beautiful phrase in answer to what was being said to her. So she stuck to me, one of the few Americans there. She was wearing something yellow that was exactly the color of her hair. You wouldn't have thought it would make a good combination, but somehow it was just perfect."

As he spoke, he noted almost with shock that this was the first time he had ever mentioned Kate to anyone except his closest friends, and that was a long time ago. And never had he spoken about the night when he had first known that from then on there would be no one but Kate for him.

"We went dancing after the party was over, to some little bar, and she broke the heel of her left slipper and gave it to me for luck."

He stopped talking, reliving in his mind the moment when she had held the high, slender heel out to him, and how they had laughed as if it were incredibly funny. He could even remember saying that she was stingy — Cinderella had at least left a whole slipper behind, and how that remark had made Kate serious. "I, too, have a step-mother. I don't like." This

To page 57



Johnson's cotton buds

FOR BABY CARE — Use Johnson's Cotton Buds with new Safe Stems for baby's eyes, for nose, for ears — hygienic, ready to use — made specially for baby's most delicate cleansing needs.

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address given on page 44. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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in Marville-Mother's Choice National Baking Quest! This quest is especially for you—the housewife. Home economists and professional cooks are not permitted to enter. So send your favourite recipe in now... you may be Australia's next National Baking Queen—with a royal trip to Tokyo, £500 cash, a car and a range!



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1. Send your favourite recipe for biscuits, cakes, scones or pastries made with Marville Margarine and Mother's Choice Flour to: 4th Marville-Mother's Choice National Baking Quest, Box 300, P.O., Wairoa, N.S.W.
2. Detach entry form, fill it in and attach it to your recipe. Extra entry forms available from your grocer.
3. Attach your entry to a Marville Margarine wrapper and the "pre-sifted" seal from the front of a Mother's Choice Flour pack (except where this contravenes State laws). Weekly and Princess prizes (see prize list) will be

awarded on recipe alone. 6 State Finalists will be selected in each State and will actually bake their recipes under controlled conditions in State Capitals. Winners of State Bake-Offs will compete in the National Bake-Off at Melbourne, and the winner of this will be crowned "National Baking Queen." Competitors in State Bake-Offs enjoy free travel on their trip to the State Capital. National Finalists will be flown to Melbourne via Ansett-ANA with accommodation at the luxurious Southern Cross Hotel. Weekly winners announced in "Australian Women's Weekly" from issue dated July 8.

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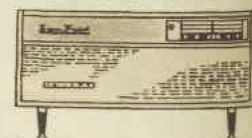
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4-PINT CASSEROLES

awarded to State Weekly Winners

SCHOOLGIRL PRINCESS AWARD

The National Schoolgirl Princess wins a Philips Partigram and £50 cash for her recipe. State Princesses win £50 cash. (This section open only to schoolgirls under 18.)



Pin attachments here

ENTRY FORM (detach along dotted line)

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY: Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Employees of Marville Margarine, Mother's Choice or their associated companies (and their families), home economists, bakers and chefs may not enter. All recipes become the property of Marville Margarine and Mother's Choice Flour.

I enclose my recipe and accept the conditions of the 4th (1964) Marville-Mother's Choice National Baking Quest as advertised.

Name (BLOCK LETTERS)

Address

State

Signed

Schoolgirl Princess Award. Tick here if school student under 18

CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES, JULY 31, 1964—SEND IN YOUR RECIPE NOW

Elegant wine-rack

THE problem of where to keep wine bottles and glasses is often an acute one in the average-sized home because collectively they take up valuable space needed for day-to-day use.

This week's handyman shows how to make a wine-rack designed to hold wine and liqueur bottles and glasses in an elegant, slim cupboard which would look well in any living-room.

This combination rack has storage for most types of bottles, triangular compartments for those wines which should be stored on their sides and for displaying liqueurs.

Materials required: Use 10in. x 1in. (½in. finished) Pacific maple for the following: 2 pieces 65½in. long for top and bottom; 4 pieces 19½in. long for ends and partitions; 1 piece 38½in. long for centre partition; 1 piece 9ft. long (cut to suit triangular partitions); 1 piece 12in. long for centre shelf (cut down to 9in. wide).

Plus 4 pieces 2in. x 1in. x 12in. long Pacific maple for cleats; 2 doors ½in. x 12in. x 18½in. plywood; 4 2in. butt

hinges; 2 knobs and catches; nails, glue, liquid plastic, wood-filler.

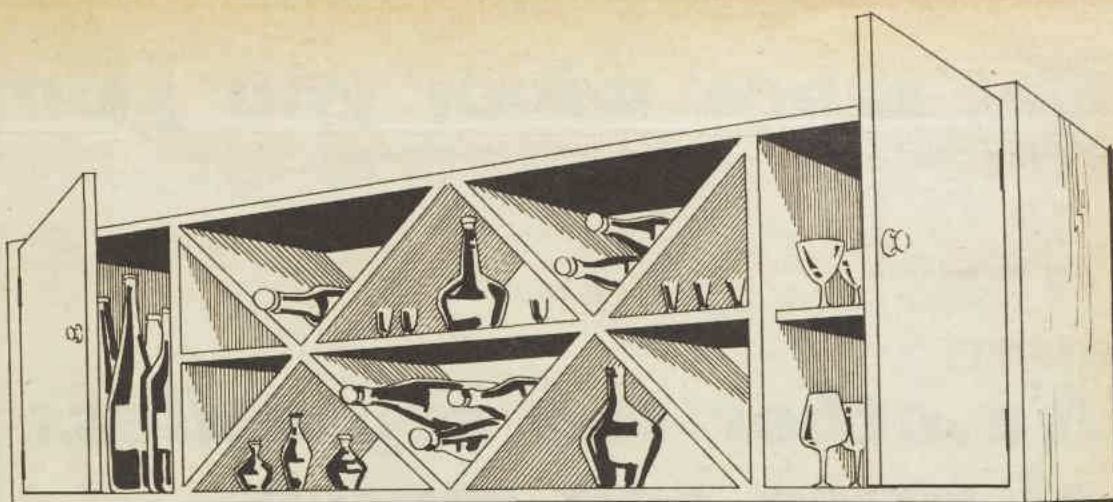
Rack can be made from 10in. x 1in. dressed (½in. finished size) Pacific maple, or ½in. plywood; if plywood is used, the edge grain should be concealed by covering with edge stripping veneer. All joints are glued before nailing, nail heads punched below surface, filled with plastic wood.

Doors are made from ½in. plywood and fitted with a pair

of 2in. butt hinges. Fit standard cupboard catches to hold doors closed.

Rack is fixed to wall by screwing through the cleats fitted in back of end cupboards. To fix on to brick walls, the walls are first drilled and then wall plugs inserted in the holes to take screws; on timber-framed walls the fixing screws are screwed directly in to studs.

Finish rack by first filling grain with a ready-made paste wood-filler, and then apply two coats of liquid plastic.



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Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

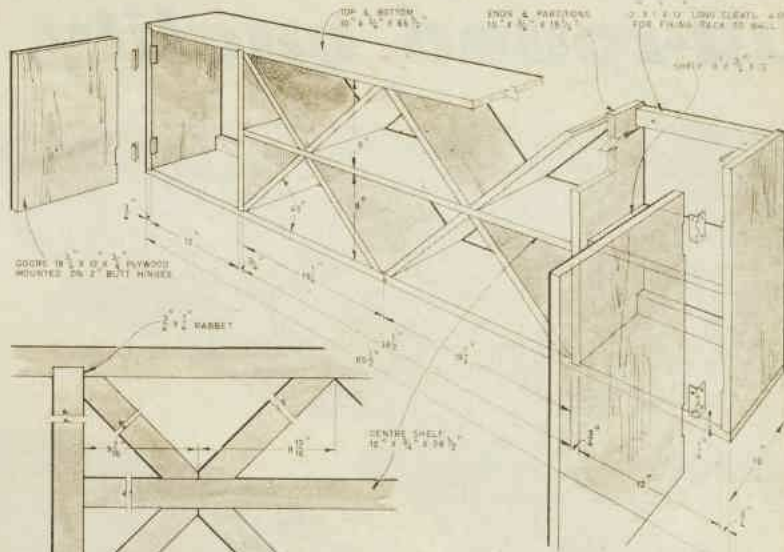
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whole mood had changed and they had sat down in a quiet corner and begun talking about themselves.

He didn't notice that Christine had turned toward him as if she didn't want to miss a word. "Go on."

"We married two weeks later," he said. "She had left for Paris. I think she wanted to get away, to be alone for a while, to not be rushed, but I went after her. I asked for leave. And when I came back..."

It was only then that Christine understood why he was telling her all this. Of course, that was it. A 13-year-old child could never have meant anything to a young man ten years older, a young man in love. It had wiped out the dreary memory of the two mansard rooms, of a sick woman, a desperate man, and a little girl whom he had promised to befriend. And she smiled, grateful for his explanation, grateful, too, for the fact that he was the kind of man who could be troubled over having failed a child.

"And then you went back to America?" she asked and sat up, pulling a blade of grass through her lips, its sharp, tangy taste new on her tongue.

He nodded. "Yes. We went back to America, but only for a short time because my job soon began to take me all over the world. And then Kate died."

"Died?"

He didn't answer, and she wondered if he had heard her repeat the word and hoped he had not, for it

Continued from page 52

seemed to make Kate's death more of a fact, for her as well as for him. His face was closed now, mask-like, and suddenly he looked older than he was and lonelier than a young man his age should look, and she felt emotion stirring in her.

And — it can't be, she thought, that I never outgrew my love for him, that it wasn't just circumstances that prevented me from meeting other men I might have liked, or my father's refusal to see people he didn't know, or my fear that if I brought someone home, my father would immediately start talking about his grievances. She sat very still, as if the slightest move on her part would somehow disturb the memory of feelings.

"And later," he said, lifting a hand and letting it fall, as if burying with one gesture all the pain, the wild attempts to find consolation in a woman's arms, the restlessness he had never been able to conquer, and the daring, adventurous life he had led because he hadn't cared what happened to him, "later there was nothing — just work. And Reid, of course."

Reid. She had seen the note posted at the desk, asking anyone who might have seen or heard about Reid Brisson to get in touch with his brother. She had glanced at it and forgotten it, and now it seemed incredible that her mind should not have retained the fact that his brother had

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

disappeared, but been so completely concerned with her affairs only — her fear for her father and the loss of the farm. And I blamed him for forgetting me, she thought, a thirteen-year-old girl he couldn't possibly have taken seriously, and my father, who created some embarrassing moments for a young officer.

But he, in spite of his anxiety, had cared about what was happening to her, had driven to Dienten, had gone to see her father. And the wording of the note came back to her, as clearly as if it were printed in huge letters on the landscape before her eyes. "But it's only three days since he disappeared. People have survived in the mountains longer than that."

ROBERT turned to her, his face alive again. "But Strubb doesn't believe in an accident. And to imagine that Reid may be involved with criminals, without knowing it, of course, just as your father may have unwittingly known someone who wanted him out of the way, and I... condemned to inactivity like this..."

Was that why you came, she wondered? Because you had time on your hands and were looking for distraction? And then she remembered the scene in the church and felt ashamed of doubting him, and stretched out her hand impulsively to touch his. And suddenly they were in each other's arms, kissing wildly and desperately while the brook sang on and the scent of flowers was heavy with the onset of evening, and somewhere behind the mountains the setting sun illuminated the sky a fierce red.

Finally, Sunday was done. The musicians who played for the amusement of the summer people had picked up their instruments and withdrawn. The steamer that plied the lake had made fast at the pier, and most of the restaurants and cafes were closed. Only a few cars were driving back from a day's outing on the Grossglockner. The natives had gone to bed long ago, and the guests were just turning in.

Anton knew this was so because he could hear the nuns hurrying to chapel for midnight Mass. He liked the nuns. They wore blue dresses that looked as if they were cut from a piece of spring sky, and he liked their enormous wimples that reminded him of the eternally white snows in the high mountains where there was peace, and at the same time made the faces beneath them so insignificant — he could forget they were human. Altogether, he liked the nuns because they had rescued him and nursed him and fed him and prayed over him, still, you could never be sure of anyone.

If Inspector Strubb were to have a heart-to-heart talk with the Mother Superior, she might tell that he was hiding out in the bell tower. The moment Mass was over, Anton left the convent, to which he had run when he had heard the fire sirens and seen the smoke on the other side of the lake, coming from the direction of the house in which Annette Huber lived. Fires always frightened him. Years ago he had almost been burned in one.

It would take him at least five hours to cover the thirty kilometres to Dienten, even if he walked fast. But by eight, he should be up at the fourth meadow, and by then Lise would have put in two good hours of work at least, and be busy in the kitchen.

The few cows, brown and white Pinzgauers, never minded him. He milked them often, they were used to his hands and came to where he was sitting on a three-legged stool when he whistled. And higher up, the two sturdy Haflinger horses would be grazing. They'd neigh a little to let him know they had recognised him, maybe the mare would come to nuzzle against his shoulder. And he would give her a piece of sugar on the back of his hand before he would disappear — not down the almost perpendicular wall where you needed a rope, the way the men must have who had put a lot of boxes in the other cave, but through a field of scree to the rock that jutted out like a cliff. Between the boulders there was an opening to his cave.

At the other end of it, there was another opening, very like the one he had just crept through. Here the rocks formed a corridor that led, after a few yards, into a much larger cave, where it was airier because this was the one that opened out on to the sheer drop of about a hundred feet and contained the boxes with iron bands and red lettering. He had never seen anyone in it, but sometimes he imagined that a few of the boxes had been rearranged.

He had found the caves early in 1945, when his chance had finally come to run away from the Germans, and he had hidden in them for weeks. During past years they had become a sort of lair for him to which he returned whenever he couldn't stand people any longer and felt like screaming or jumping at their throats. He liked the smaller, first cave best, because it was untouched by human hands. It was his private domain, and he kept it well stored.

For this he had learned when he had first hidden out — you could survive without food for quite a long time, but not without water. He always kept a couple of gallons on a ledge, and some dried cheese — the kind that was famous in the region when it was fresh and soft — and, like a squirrel, a plentiful supply of nuts. Nuts were easy to chew and nourishing because they held so much fat. A few candles and matches, and that was really all he needed.

If he hid for a longer period he would venture out every now and then and grab a goat and steal some milk from her, or whistle for the cows. But, unlike the horses, they were afraid of the steep ascent and seldom came up as far as the little meadow that formed the roof of his hiding place.

It was about eight o'clock... Anton could tell by the sun... when he vanished between two large boulders and, like a snake, wound his way into his cave. As usual, after entering, he crept through the dark corridor to the big cave, just to make sure that everything was the way he had seen it last, with nothing to indicate that anyone had been there. He peered... and held his breath. Someone was there. A man. A tall man. He was lying on the floor.

His legs had a funny look about them. It was as if they had a life of their own, a broken life. He looked, drew back, thought, looked again, chewed some nuts, and looked again. Then he listened, listened for a long time. He couldn't just let the man lie there.

But there were those boxes — those boxes which had "Property of the German Reich" stamped on them. And he was afraid of them. They

brought back things he wanted to forget — the day they had come to take his mother away, two men in black uniforms wearing high, shiny boots.

When the one who had ordered his mother to follow them made as if he were going to grab her, Anton had bitten him, bitten him in his outstretched hand, right through the palm, and though the man had shaken him and kicked him, crying out loud in his pain, Anton had not let go. He had held on until the second man, who had been searching the house, came back and tore him away and lifted his gun, but the first one had shaken his head and said something Anton had not understood, and the second man had gone out again.

When he came back he brought a rope with him, and the first man fastened it around Anton's neck. "If you behave like a dog, you shall be treated like a dog." He had been tied to a tree and beaten. Later he had been taken away by the man and told to walk on all fours like Emil, the little dachshund they had once owned. A dog house had been built for him, and he had been made to live in it, chained, with his food thrown at him, mostly bones, sometimes scraps. Every now and then they had pulled him out to be beaten and kicked, and when visitors came they whistled for him to come out and perform — he had to bark, sit up on his hind legs and beg, catch things that were thrown at him in his open mouth... Anton shuddered.

The boxes, he knew, were inanimate things, but there were moments when they seemed to come to life and assume the features of his torturers.

He forced his small body through the rocks that blocked the entrance from corridor to cave. The man was dead. Carefully Anton put his cheek to the man's heart. It was beating, faintly, irregularly, but beating. The man was alive. Alive with his legs smashed. Someone had put him there.

HE felt along the man's legs. They were broken at the thigh. Using some of the wood from one of the crates that had been cracked open, and the iron bands and cord, he made two splints. Then he pushed a container of water next to the motionless figure, just in case the man should come to and want a drink. After that he went back to his cave and crawled on to the shelf where he always slept, and wrapped himself in the blanket he kept there.

All of a sudden the thought came to him that he had done a foolish thing in helping the man. He shouldn't have touched him. Suppose the man got up and managed to get away? Then he would tell about the cave and the whole place would be swarming.

On the other hand, it was very unlikely that the man would be able to move. Friday to Monday... three days. Three days without food, without anything to drink, and two broken hips. No, the man would die. He would just wait until the man was dead.

Monday brought another disappointment. Robert had hoped that Reid's office would know whom his brother was meeting in Austria, but the answer was no.

He called Strubb to let him know that New York had not been able to furnish anything that could be of any help and to ask if the inspector

To page 58

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting July 8.

- ARIES** MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, white, green.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
- TAURUS** APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, blue.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- GEMINI** MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, pink.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- CANCER** JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, green, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- LEO** JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, blue, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- VIRGO** AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, tan, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- LIBRA** SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, orange.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- SCORPIO** OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, white.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- SAGITTARIUS** NOV. 23—DEC. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, orange, grey.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.
- CAPRICORN** DEC. 24—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- AQUARIUS** JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, rose, green.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
- PISCES** FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, red, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

had come across a possible lead in the meantime. When Strubb said no, Robert shouted at him that he had had enough of sitting around idly like a punished child, and that he was going to take matters into his own hands.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said Strubb in his most authoritative voice. "I've ordered two planes to comb the mountains. I did the same thing yesterday. Hut owners are being questioned. There's nothing you can possibly do but be patient."

But patience was not one of the graces who had stood by at Robert's birth. He began to pace up and down his room, twenty feet from balcony to door, eighteen from bed to window, and as he counted his steps in an effort to block out all thought, as someone trying to fall asleep counts sheep, he could imagine Tanner pacing his cell,

Continued from page 57

trying to find an explanation why he should have been condemned for something he hadn't done. And suddenly the old man's obsession with the loss of his reputation, his interpretation of how it had all come to pass, no longer seemed to be stupidity or madness, and Robert was glad he had acted as he had.

He could see Christine's face, screwed up in her effort not to cry, could feel the touch of her hand on his arm, her mouth as his lips had closed over it, and the violent despair with which they had clung to each other, as if what might have been a coming together was a parting. And in a way it had been just that, for both of them had known that under the circumstances

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

nothing really mattered but to find Reid. And his mind swung back to his brother. What could possibly have happened to him? Who would want to, who would dare to kill him?

He began to leaf through the pile of local and foreign newspapers which carried the news about Reid A. Brisson's disappearance. There was a picture of Reid, taken years ago when he had won first prize in a slalom race. There he stood, with a silly little woollen cap on his head, his eyes still shaded by dark glasses, his wide mouth grinning. But Robert could only see Reid as he had seen him last, on the day of his departure for Argentina.

Reid had been sitting in his strangely old-fashioned bedroom.

He had been reading but had put his book aside and looked up and listened to what Robert had to say, and he had smiled and said, "Are you trying to become persona non grata in Argentina, too?" He was referring to the two countries which had asked Robert to leave when his articles had annoyed some government officials. "If you aren't careful, you'll be out of a job."

He sat down on the balcony, trying to concentrate on what he was writing about Argentina. But South America seemed far away, a country in a dream, and the people he had talked to there had lost all reality. Did Reid mean so much to

him that he should be unable to collect his thoughts for something that had always been of the utmost importance to him, something that had been capable of taking him out of himself in many a personal crisis — his work? He flung his pad aside and began to pace his room again.

Like patches of fog, consciousness came and went. When he was able to penetrate the vapor, Reid could see himself coming from the Bockar, stopping to reflect whether he should follow the regular trail or try an unknown path to Dienten, and deciding for the path he had taken before. Anything strange always fascinated him. When the fog in his mind grew denser, he could remember only coming out of a heavily wooded area, and a herd of deer grazing in the early dusk of evening opposite where he was resting. He had seen them clearly through his glasses — a stag, five does, and three fawns, speckled as if they had played in the snow and not yet shaken it off. Then suddenly the stag had given warning, and they had hoofed off with long elegant jumps. But that wasn't important. He mustn't linger there. What was important was that, as he turned his glasses, a man came unexpectedly into focus, a man dangling on a rope over a sheer cliff, as if helpless, with a drop of at least a hundred feet below him.

It had been too late in the day for climbing, and Reid had crossed over to see if he could be of any help.

WHEN he had finally come to the spot where the man had seemed to be floundering there had been nobody, but he could hear the sound of hammering from below the cliff and had become suddenly curious, remembering the stories told in this neighborhood of jewels and gold hidden in the lakes and mountains and deserted pastures. But when the man had finally appeared above the rock, it had been too dark to see his face. And then later . . . oh, much later . . . he had lowered himself and found the cave. And the pain came again, violently, savagely, and again he wanted to scream, and couldn't.

Why did it seem so important to hear a voice, even if only his own? Once more he knew. He had been lying helpless in this dark cave for days . . . this dark cave . . . and the boxes . . . a great many of them . . . some of them had been opened, and the iron bands that held the wood together removed. He had reached into one and seen that it contained shares, German shares that weren't made out in the owner's name but to the bearer. Where were those boxes? They couldn't have been removed. They must not be removed. Those shares were negotiable by anyone who could prove they were his property. Whoever was hoarding them in here

He had to tell someone that inside each box, with typical German methodicalness, an envelope had been glued, an envelope that contained not only a list of the contents but also the names of the former owners of every share.

Here was the property of thousands of people who had died in gas chambers, been mowed down by machine-guns into graves they had first to dig for themselves, tortured to death, the property of men and women who had opposed the Hitler regime or, because they didn't belong to the master race, had been disowned and killed. Police! Why hadn't he gone straight to the police? Some of these people might still be alive, destitute and old in foreign countries, or their relatives might have survived.

To page 59

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A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

After a long period, during which he blacked out again, he recalled why he had decided not to notify the police after he had left the cave. Because of Robert. Because here, perhaps, was an example of the proof Robert had been looking for. Those boxes could be the source that furnished money for false passports which made it possible for men to live undetected in foreign countries under assumed names, money that financed strikes, demonstrations, vandalism, sabotage, revolution. It was what Robert suspected. If Robert could get here without delay . . . but Robert was in the States. He didn't know anything about it.

Reid tried to turn on his left side, then on his right. He couldn't. His body wouldn't obey him. His body was useless. In a bout of defiance he stretched out his arm. His left hand touched something that made a funny sound. A container. Water. Reid drank. Water . . . He lay back and drank again, slowly now, in small sips. He hadn't known what a source of revival water could be. Of course he had phoned Robert. Not right away, because Robert couldn't have got back yet, but early the next morning. Where had he spent the night?

In the house where Aleman had found a room for him until he could get one at the Nepomuk, when he had decided to stay out the week and get in some climbing? Where was he? Friday. Yes. Friday morning. Early Friday morning. Suddenly the fog cleared and he could see Aleman. And the gun.

EVEN now it was incredible. Reid drank again. The surprise had cost him the split second in which he might have disarmed Aleman. Aleman. Years ago, when he had been skiing in this neighborhood, a mutual acquaintance had introduced them. A year later Aleman had got in touch with him in New York and asked Reid to represent him in a big real estate deal.

Two years later he had proposed that Reid take over the representation of his European business.

Last Monday Aleman had called and asked him to come over and confer about a new company he intended to buy in Germany. In Salzburg, over dinner, they had talked about it at length. A third man had been present . . . a German lawyer.

He couldn't remember his name, because there was Aleman holding the gun in his back and saying, "One move and I'll shoot," forcing him out of the office, into the empty cafe . . . Where was the little runt who had shown him the phone? Across the sidewalk and into a car parked at the kerb, hitting him over the head . . .

Aleman and the man Reid had seen on the rope were one and the same person. He must have watched Reid, just as Reid had watched him; must have seen him climb around the cliff to a path that led down to a small alm, and how he had sat there for a long time until an old woman had come out of the house to keep him company for a while. When he had left the alm he had seen an old man leaning against a tree, a man too old to have been the one who had been dangling on the rope, yet the man had seemed to follow him, at least to where a farmhouse stood. He had hitched a ride to Dienten and from there had taken the bus into Zell.

Suddenly very hungry, he had gone to one of the popular restaurants and later sat for hours in the bar, lost in thought yet glad of the people all round him and their chatter. He must have drunk more than he had realised, for quite suddenly it was daylight; he must have fallen asleep and not been noticed or left undisturbed by a good-natured waiter. But the telephone booth had been out of order, and he had left the restaurant to walk to the Huber house. Quite suddenly then he had had the feeling that he was being followed, and he had turned into the first cafe.

After a long time Robert had

answered. Not wanting to reveal what his call was about, he had been searching for a phrase that would give Robert an inkling of its importance when there had been the gun in his back . . . when had that been? After he had turned down Aleman's offer of a fantastic sum if he would keep silent about what he had seen. And suddenly he had been pushed and had fallen . . . fallen . . .

He must have been lowered into the cave like an inanimate piece of material. But why? Because the fall hadn't killed him and Aleman hadn't dared risk that he might be found . . . or shoot him . . . What a clever way to get rid of him, where no one could find him,

where he could die conveniently of starvation and thirst. There wasn't a chance in the world of getting away. But . . . he had to get away. Good heavens, he had called Robert, and Robert would come, and Aleman . . .

Reid reached for the water container . . . the water container . . . and suddenly he realised that it hadn't been there when he had first come to, nor the day after that . . . someone had put it there today!

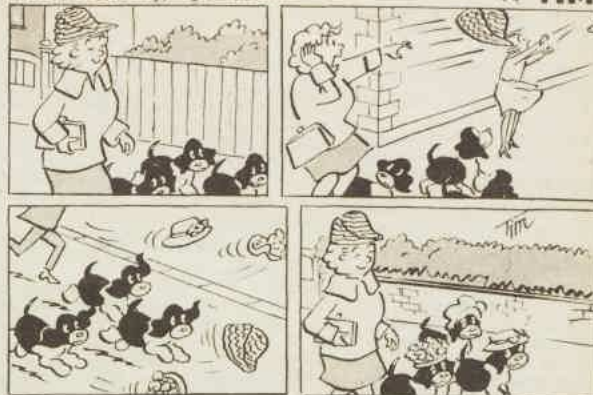
Hope came winging back, filling his entire being with an upsurge of strength. With a superhuman effort he tried to shout. Then the pain came again.

To be concluded

FOR THE CHILDREN

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A.W.W. 15/7/64

She stopped at his table, and said: "I'm Judith Cranton," as if the name should mean something to him.

He indicated a chair, and she sat, regarding him expectantly.

"Well, I'm sorry," he said in that slow, husky voice which had once almost topped the hit parades, "but I guess I've forgotten, or you're mistaken."

She flushed. He saw she was young, well, young enough to blush, anyway, and that was something.

"Mr. Carlisle sent me," Judith Cranton said. "He was going to let you know, but I suppose he forgot."

Carlisle was his agent. "You work for him?" he asked.

Continued from page 21

"And for you," the girl said, "as from now."

"Carlisle handles me himself," Benjie told her, knowing that as from now it was no longer true.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but he's awfully busy. He thought—he thought you and I might help each other. I'm sorry."

"Never apologise for yourself," Benjie said to her absently. "It's fatal. Pretty soon you'll start apologising to yourself, and that's the end."

"Yes, I see," the girl said.

"You haven't been here long," he said to her.

"Not very long," Judith admitted.

It was easy to see she had not been here long. In a city of girls who wore perfection like a uniform, the imperfections of her make-up and last season's suit were almost refreshing.

"I did public relations work in my home town. I was—I was pretty good at it."

So it had come to this. Now Carlisle was letting the new ones do their teething on poor old Benjie.

"Why did you come to the city?" he asked.

"I needed more money."

"Why?"

"Because I help support an invalid mother," Judith Cranton snapped, obviously convinced he should mind his own business.

"No offence," he murmured. Maybe she had a boyfriend who gambled or was out of work.

"I stayed up all night," Judith said, "well—nearly all night listening to your records."

"A little before your time, Miss Cranton," Benjie said, "but thanks, anyway."

"You are the best," Miss Cranton said. "Honestly, I know. It's a thing I have."

"Well, good for you," Benjie Patterson said.

It was a long time since he had looked at a girl because she was a girl. It was a long time since anyone had said: "You are the best," and meant it.

Maybe it was as she said. Maybe in her home town she had been pretty good at public relations. She was the sort of girl who could walk under a cloudless sky and say, "It is going to rain," and in five seconds everyone scurried for an umbrella.

And this was a priceless thing. Carlisle must have seen it. He never missed a trick, and he had handed poor old Benjie to Cranton so that they could help each other.

She was a hard worker. He had to admit it, both to himself and, after a couple of months, to Cranton.

"It's nothing," Cranton said. "I like to work. But why can't you give a little, Ben?"

She always called him Ben. Right from that first day, when he had told her to drop the Mr. Patterson, she had started calling him Ben.

"I do give," Ben said. "How much can you give, anyway? You want me to melt the microphone, perhaps?"

"Perhaps. You could, you know."

"Judith, Judith," he said, and he laughed.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Why don't you just tell me I'm pushing too hard?"

"I like it," Ben said.

It was true. She did push, and he did like it. For such a soft-voiced, open-air-looking girl, she was very pushy. She had lined him up some good jobs, better than he had been getting for a long time. She nagged him about food, so that he started to eat more.

She got him back doing his own arrangements, and persuaded him to try a couple of numbers which were right out of his line. They were successful. He began to worry less about himself. He forgot he was thirty-five years old, and almost a has-been.

After his last spot for the night he and Judith got into the way of eating a sort of late - supper - cum - early breakfast in whatever cramped little dressing-room had been provided for him.

Afterwards he would take Judith home and then go

FROM THE BIBLE

● "I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show forth all Thy marvellous works."

— Psalm 9:1.

back to his flat and sleep for eight hours straight, and no pills to help him alone.

It was too perfect, too transient to last. He knew it, but he did not want to believe it.

It ended when he stepped into his dressing-room on a Saturday morning. This time it was not a second-rate nightclub. It was not a nightclub at all, but a first-class hotel, the kind where only "name" bands played, the same hotel where he had entertained when he was right at the top—almost.

Judith was already there. It was bad to be so tuned-in to someone that you knew immediately when something was wrong. It was bad, but that is how it was with poor old Benjie Patterson and Judith Cranton.

"Do I sit down," Ben said to her, "or do I take it standing up?"

He knew what it was. There had been some kind of crazy mistake. The hotel, the good-looking dressing-room—it was too good to be true. They did not want him after all, and Judith had been sitting here, waiting and worrying, getting up enough courage to tell him.

"It's nothing," Judith said, and began to cry.

"Look, it isn't the end," Ben said to her. "You can tell me. Don't cry like that. So we come racing in here practically at dawn so I can be smooth for tonight. So we want it to be our big chance. There are other spots, other hotels. You and I

To page 62

SATURDAY SONG

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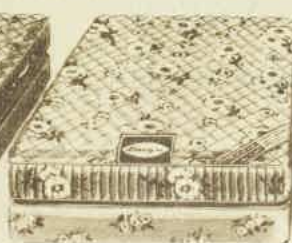
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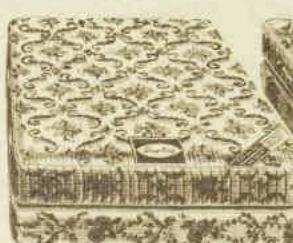
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together — we can do anything."

He was quiet, silenced by the promise and the betrayal of the "you and I together."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Judith said. "Mother's dead."

"And that is nothing?" Ben asked of her. "Something you can't tell me?"

"When is the funeral?" Ben asked.

"This afternoon. Never mind about it, Ben. It's over. It can't do any good for me to go racing up there."

He remembered his own mother. It was so long ago he had almost forgotten. He had been only a kid, but people had come up to him and said kind, exaggerated things about his mother, and it had helped.

"Get your coat," Ben said. "We're leaving now."

"No," Judith said. "We are not. Ben, do you know how long it would take us — me to drive up there? Too long. Ben, you're good. I know it. It's a thing I have."

"So you've said before. I'll leave a message at the desk. We'll be back in time."

"I'm so stupid," Judith said. She had begun to cry again. "You think I should be glad? Everyone thinks I should be glad. They tried all those new treatments. Terribly expensive — so now I'll be rich, almost. I guess I'm one of those crazy people who pick up a rod and beat themselves on the back with it and love every minute of it."

"I believe you are one of

those people," Ben Patterson said truthfully.

Ben insisted on driving all the way back to the city. He brushed aside Judith's offers, his manner easy and laconic, the way it had been a long time ago. After a little while Judith slept.

The tyres played a song on the tape-recorder ribbon of the road and Ben Patterson hummed a rhythm in tune with the song. He hunted in his head for melodies and they came to him. He beckoned to his brain for words and they came, too. Some day, he thought, I might knock this song into shape on a piano, and give Judith a surprise.

They were back at the hotel exactly seventeen minutes before he was due to go on.

Judith was exhausted and edgy. He had never seen her this way before. Somehow their roles had become reversed, and it was he who reassured and she who needed reassurance.

"Stop worrying," Ben said to her. "Everything will be fine. Go and find yourself a table, order a bucket of champagne. You're making me nervous. Go on."

She went, and before she went he kissed her, just for luck, but hard enough for her to know more than luck was involved.

He knew his audience would be the kind of people who ate and drank only of the best and who took their entertainment seriously. Saturday night was the big night, and poor old Benjie Patterson had been handed a chance to hop right back on to the band-wagon.

He went into his first number, and knew immediately that they were going to be hard. Sometimes it was this

Continued from page 60

way. He was known. Some of them probably remembered him from way back. He was not a new young talent whose faults would be overlooked and excused. This was his second chance. He knew it, and they knew it.

The applause was perfunctory. Judith was close by. He could see her, and he could see Carlisle beside her. She had not told him that. Now that he bothered to look he could see a lot of people she had not told him about. There were some writers from the trade papers, and a critic, who, rumor had it, knocked ice-cream cones from the grasp of children just for the pleasure of hearing the kids cry.

HE could imagine how Judith had begged and bullied and promised to get these people to this hotel on this particular night. They had come to hear Ben Patterson, because Judith Cranton knew he was good. They had believed her, because it was a thing she had, this priceless ability to judge.

So why was he standing here beating out tired old songs about young love and violets and moonlight?

They were becoming restless, and who could blame them? Not Ben Patterson. Ben Patterson did not care any more, not about himself, but he cared about Judith.

He would give them something to think about, these people who ate and drank only of the best, who were putting a look of terrible defeat on Judith's face.

He let out a wail like a banshee. Before they had

time to recover, he began to sing. It was not rock and it was not jazz. It was some crazy, halfway meeting-place between the two.

The effect was electrifying. The orchestra stopped playing, but who needed it? Judith had once urged him to give a little. Well, he was giving, and maybe the microphone would melt.

He did not sing of young love and violets and moonlight. He sang his own song, and the words and music of the long drive through the night came back to him.

He sang of Saturday afternoons, incorporating all the defeats of a lifetime and of mornings bright with promise for the future. It was more than entertaining. It was truth put to music. The records were destined to sell in millions, and the words to picture the sickness and hope of an era. It was the birth of a modern folk-song.

He wandered over to the piano, and the piano player had the sense to vacate his place, as if it had been rehearsed that way.

Some day he had planned to knock this song into shape on a piano, and give Judith a big surprise. Well, some day was here. He caressed those keys as if they were his love. It was improvisation, but improvisation by a master, and the crowd knew it.

The silence was like a dark, deep well, and it was all his.

The applause when it came was that special thing, apart from mere clapping. It was an accolade by those who demanded the best, and recognised it. The lights came

up, and they were standing at their tables, standing for poor old Benjie Patterson.

His whole body was bathed in perspiration, and he wiped the back of his hand across his mouth. The band-leader shook his head, looking bewildered, and who could blame him? The piano player repossessed his now vacant place, and looked at those keys as if they should talk to him.

Ben Patterson acknowledged the applause, his manner easy and relaxed. He had kept faith with that lovely, bright shining conviction inside himself. More important, he had kept faith with Judith Cranton.

He went over to the table where they were waiting for him, Carlisle and the writers from the trade papers, and the ogre of a critic, and Judith Cranton. Her eyes were bright with love and pride. It was a big night.

"Last time we met, you said some very harsh things to me," said Carlisle, who was still his agent, and could not help acting like one. "What do you say now, Benjie?"

"Thanks," Ben said to Carlisle, who never missed a trick, who had handed Benjie Patterson to Cranton so that they could help each other.

"I have to know the name of your song," the critic said sourly. He looked at Judith. "She says she doesn't know."

"I guess it's called 'Saturday Song,'" Ben said quietly to the critic.

"That's a helluva name," the critic said.

"And who are you to judge?" Ben Patterson asked. He took Judith's hand in his, and he ignored the critic and the writers from the

trade papers, which was a very bad thing to do. You had to be really big to ignore these very important people. So he was really big. As from tonight, it was as Judith said. He was the best.

"Let's eat," he said to Judith. "In the dressing-room. Just us."

"Ben—" Judith said. It was cruel to do this to her. She had worked so hard. She deserved the celebration, the big plans for the future, the congratulations, but she followed him to the dressing-room, and closed the door firmly on the well-wishers.

"I need to get to a piano," Ben said to her in the quietness of the dressing-room. "Some nice quiet place. Hell, I'm so full of music I could burst. If I'd asked you to marry me this morning, or after the funeral, or on the way home, instead of now, would you have said yes?"

"That's a pretty silly question," Judith said. "In fact, it's insulting, but yes, anyway."

"When I was a kid," Ben Patterson said, "I used to look at the pictures of boxers in the newspapers. Some of them were all bruised and beaten. I used to wonder why they kept on coming back for more, even when they were champions. Imagine how it would be to retire while you were champion of the world."

He could tell by the look on her face that she understood. He had known she would.

"Tell me," Judith said, and she had come very close to him, so that he could see the love and pride in her eyes. "tell me how it feels to be champion of the whole world."

"Some day I'll sing you a song about it," Ben Patterson promised.

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LUCKY THEY BOTH KNOW ABOUT COLGATE

HE AIMS TO WIN...

SHE AIMS TO PLEASE...

THEY BOTH AIM TRUE WITH COLGATE

NEW IMPROVED

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

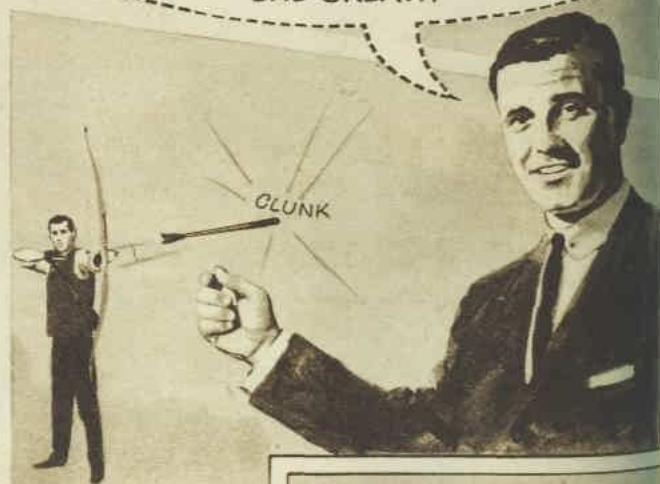
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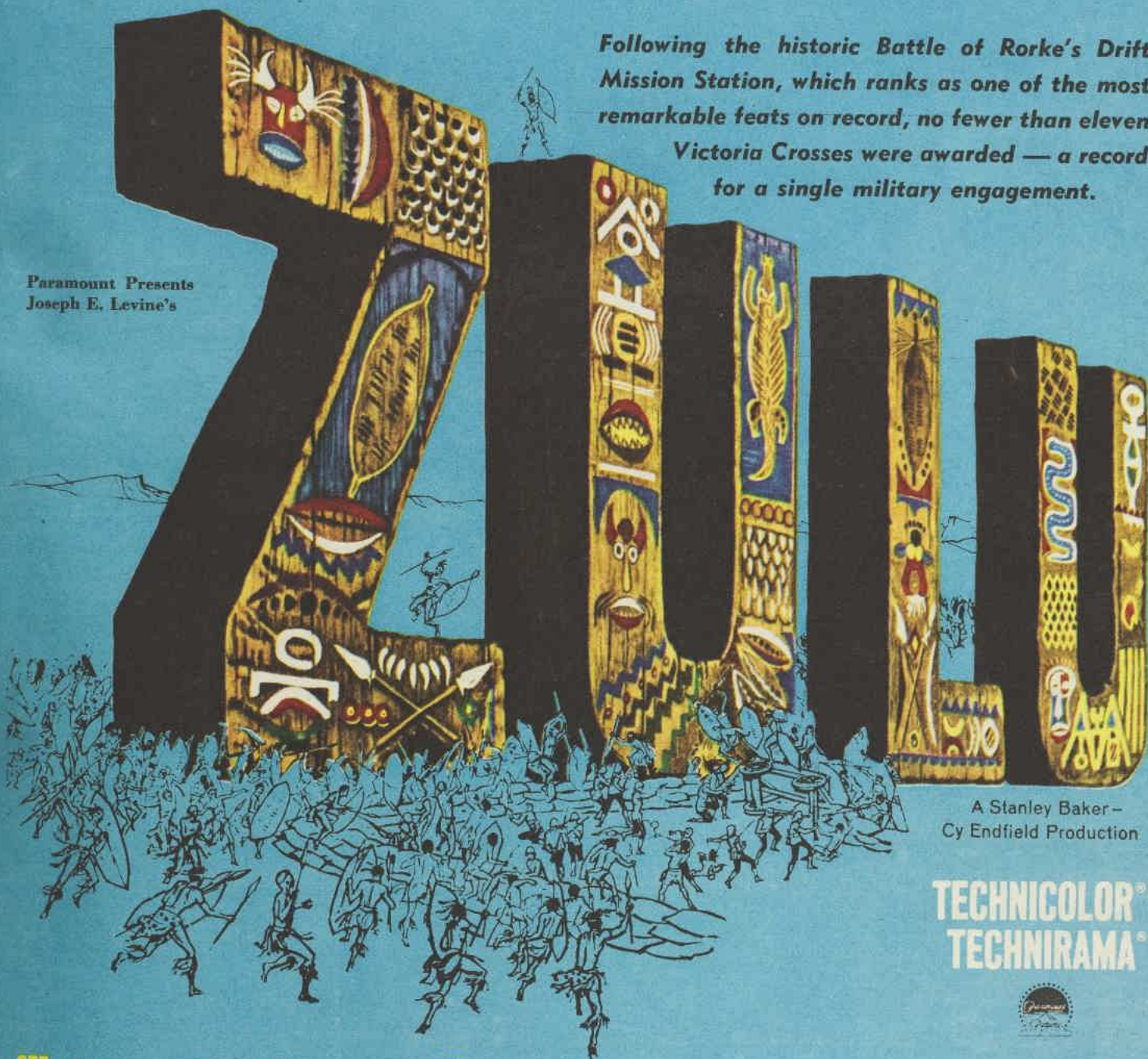
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SHADOWS ON THE WATER

Continued from page 23

drapes and the long gallery where portraits ranged along the walls.

And the Warrenders, who owned Westerhill, I fell in love with too.

Mrs. Warrender was a dark, tempestuous woman in late youth. The Manor had belonged to her own family; her maiden name was Warrender. She was an only child; there was no male heir to carry on the line, so that when she inherited the estate there had been a condition that her husband should assume the family name.

And her husband, Dr. Warrender, I loved also. He was a doctor who served the large and wealthy houses of the neighborhood. Later on I learned that he had once held a position in the large new hospital at Milford, a town twenty miles from West-
erhill. He had been considered brilliant, but his wife had prevailed on him — as she prevailed on everyone — to do her will — to give up his ill-paid hospital appointment and set up in lucrative private practice.

I was too young to know what follies a man will commit for a beautiful woman, too young to know that there comes a time when he realises what he has done and yet can see no way to mend matters, that he faces in the end a choice between rebellion and resignation. I only saw that Dr. Warrender was a calm and quiet man who shut himself off to a great extent from the bustling life of the household, from the hunting, the parties, a man who sat in his study in the evenings writing interminably at some learned paper. I only sensed that somewhere he had failed, that some spring inside him had broken.

He would look up at me if I wandered in to say Hello, give me his abstracted smile, ask questions without really listening to the answers, wait politely till I ran out again to look for Martin.

For Martin Warrender and I were friends from the first moment. He was two years older than me, a tall, fair-haired boy who resembled his father, quiet in manner but with a suggestion of hidden force, and without the look of loss that settled sometimes over his father's face in repose.

In the long holidays Martin and I were always together. We played the whole day long beside the winding drive, in the old summer-house, already rehearsing the roles life had cast us for. He was always the doctor, I the nurse.

Sometimes I would see my father sitting in the warm farmhouse kitchen, shaking his head over the accounts.

"It won't do," he would say to my mother. "The farm won't carry the house. Too much extravagance, too much entertaining, never any money for repairs or new machinery." He would look up, grey and anxious, at my mother, bustling about, half-listening, soothing him merely by being there.

For Mrs. Warrender lived at the Manor as she had lived when a girl . . . life had always provided her with the means to hunt, to entertain, and she saw no reason why it should ever fail to do so. She kept a stable of magnificent horses; three or four times a week in the season she would ride out in her dark habit, coming home for dinner flushed and bright-eyed after a day in the frosty air.

Westerhill and Martin Warrender — the two were inextricably linked in my mind. He was an only child like myself; we were brother and sister, companions, friends. The years drifted by. Childhood slipped behind us. We stood on the brink of youth; we were almost sweet hearts.

And then Lois came. A cousin of Mrs. Warren's, orphaned as a small child, brought up abroad by an elderly relative, nurtured on stories of the old family home, she was invited now to finish the years of her growing up in the Masons. She was older than me, a few months older than Martin. Even before she arrived when I first heard her name mentioned with the possibility that she would know that she would I knew that nothing ever be the same again.

On a bright sunny day Lois came to Westerhill, stepping out of the car, looking at Martin and myself with an assurance already beyond her years. Tall, dark, and tempestuous—like Mrs. Warrinder—she made me feel at once a plain country child, scarcely fourteen, with my pale yellow hair untidily bunched, against her dark and elegant exterior.

FROM the start she linked herself with Martin. "My cousin," she would say to me, not mentioning his name, allowing me no right to familiarity, relegating me to my position as the child of the farm, an occasional visitor to the Manor. There were no more days alone with Martin, no more time for sharing secrets.

She was a Warrender in her very bones. Everything about the house and family fascinated her. "Warrendens have lived here for three hundred years," she said to me once, putting me in my place as a child who scarcely knew the name of her own grandmother. "Warrendens will always live here—and only Warrendens."

Only three of us went every day to the local high-school, for there was now no longer the money to send Martin away to the famous school where his name had been registered even before his birth. Martin Warrender, his mother had written, knowing already that she would have a son, naming him in the certainty that Fate would never dare to contradict her.

At school Lois was in the same form as Martin. I would see them sometimes as I passed along a corridor, seated together, joined in some way against me. I began to withdraw into myself. Pride took a hold on me.

One afternoon in the holidays, after Lois and Martin had been into Milford together, she showed me a silver bracelet swinging loosely from her wrist, a bracelet with a finely worked pair of intertwined hearts hanging from its links, letting me know that it had significance, that Martin had bought it for her.

At Christmas the seniors held their annual dance. For the first time I was old enough to attend, but I had to be invited, some boy had to ask me as a partner. The weeks went by, the pairings were arranged. I had taken it for granted Martin would ask me; for years I had waited for this time.

But no word was said.
looked every day into the
small slit in the hollow tree

To page 65

where we had left notes as children, thinking: Perhaps he cannot ask me when Lois is there — and Lois is always there — but he will leave a note in the hollow tree. I passed the tree daily on my walk to school. I would plunge my head into the tight slit, feeling for the paper. But there was nothing.

Two days before the dance Tom Mayhew, a boy in Martin's form, waylaid me.

"Are you going to the dance?" I hesitated. I couldn't admit that no one had asked me. "If you would like to come with me," he went on, covering my confusion. "I should be delighted."

"Thank you, I'll come with pleasure." But which would be worse, to go with Tom Mayhew, seeing Martin and Lois together the whole evening — for he must surely have asked her — or to sit at home, feeling my mother glance at me with compassion, saying nothing, but knowing all?

Some trifling errand sent me up to the Manor that evening. I met Lois and Martin in the hallway as I was leaving. I steeled myself to mention the dance carelessly, talking brightly, bristly of the fact that I was going with Tom Mayhew, a popular boy, editor of the school magazine.

I saw Martin's eyes and his sudden look of withdrawal, of blankness — an inexplicable look, for if he had not wanted to invite me himself why should he begrudge my going with someone else?

Lois' eyes gleamed faintly in that way she had. She laid a hand on Martin's arm, tightly, possessively.

She ran up the long stairs, stood before a portrait of some Warrender girl long since asleep in the little churchyard. "I shall wear white," she said, glancing up at the portrait, running a finger over the dust-filled tatin draperies. As she raised her hand I saw that the silver bracelet no longer hung from her wrist. "And a blue ribbon in my hair." She touched the painted ribbon bow, seeing herself as the portrait came to life.

She glanced down at me with a look of amusement mingled with contempt. "And you — pink taffeta, I imagine?" My face turned scarlet. How could she have guessed? She smiled again, seeing the color rise in my cheeks, ran lightly down the stairs, stood beside Martin. "Such a wise choice. Pink taffeta is exactly right for you."

Tom Mayhew danced well. There was nothing in the evening to which I could take exception, and yet I suffered as acutely then as I have ever suffered since. Wherever I looked I seemed to see the two of them and became aware that Tom Mayhew's glance strayed toward them too.

His eyes followed Lois in her trailing white dress and blue ribbons, lingering with that unmistakable look which even then I recognised. He's in love with her. I thought with sadness. He only asked me because she had already accepted Martin's invitation.

The whirl of a Paul Jones whistled us in front of each other for a brief moment. Then Martin looked at either side of me, but the girls were already waiting away with their partners. He had to stretch out his arms to me; there was nothing else he could do short of open rudeness. We exchanged not a single word but danced in icy silence. I wanted to cry out: What is it, Martin? Has he split us apart for ever?

Lois drifted by with Tom Mayhew, her head thrown back, laughing up at him. He was teasing her about the bracelet, asking why she no

Continued from page 64

longer wore it. She smiled away its absence with a shrug of her shoulders. I never saw her wear the bracelet again.

In the months that followed I saw scarcely anything of them. I was studying now for examinations, for I had decided to become a nurse.

"It can't last much longer," my father said. "The place will go bankrupt in a year or two." He began to look at the advertisements in the farming papers, talked of moving; there was an unsettled air in the house.

And the Manor was falling visibly now into decay. But Mrs. Warrender made no attempt to reduce her extravagance.

She would pass me sometimes on her black mare, smiling down at me with her forceful charm, scarcely noticing that I was no longer a visitor to the house, accepting it as natural that Warrender should pair with Warrender, that if anyone were to be left out it should be me, the outsider.

Martin won a scholarship, went away to the university to study medicine. Lois left school but took no work; Warrender women never took paid work. She had made her

But the motorist didn't slacken speed immediately, but drove on, his face unco-operative. He halted suddenly with a sharp sound of brakes.

A loud shout came from the riders. Their faces expressed anger, fury. The hounds bayed in confusion, the horses pressed together in panic, rolling their eyes.

And then the big black mare began to plunge, reared up wildly. There was a confused outcry of horror. Mrs. Warrender made a violent effort to control her mount, but the mare was beyond the reach of her voice, her hands. She was thrown suddenly, heavily, to the ground.

She was still unconscious when we reached the hospital. I rode with her in the ambulance, holding her hand, hoping she might somehow find comfort in my presence.

"A bad case," Sister said. "If she lives she will be paralysed for life. But—" she shook her head. I went quickly from the ward. Impossible to think of death in connection with Mrs. Warrender.

Dr. Warrender never left the hospital. Martin came home at once from college; and Lois was there, too. For two days Mrs. Warrender lay without moving. On the third

suit me; we should get on together. You look a sensible girl. All right, I'll take you."

In the flurry of my departure I scarcely took in the news from Westerhill. The Manor was to be sold immediately; Martin would complete his studies at medical school. My own family were moving to a part of the country a hundred miles away. Of Lois, of Dr. Warrender, I heard nothing.

In the next three years I came to know all the loveliest places in Europe, the blue slopes of the Alps, the glitter of the Riviera, castled heights in Germany, broad colonnades in Rome.

To me it seemed like a long dream from which I would presently awake to find myself once more in familiar scenes, among faces I loved. Only once did I rise to the surface of the dream, snatched sharply back for a moment to reality.

We were about to leave a fashionable hotel in Paris. I came down the stairs to ask if the car was ready, caught sight of a woman walking out through the swing doors. The back of her head, her dark hair, the turn of her shoulders, all these cried out to me "Lois!" I ran out into

"Oh, yes," I answered carelessly. "There's no reason why I shouldn't comply." I allowed myself a faint smile, showing how little it meant to me. "I take it a short visit will be enough—how long?"

"Shall we say a week?" Mrs. Knight was not explicit on that point. "Long enough to come to terms with whatever it was she ran away from." I don't see how anyone but yourself could be the judge of that. These old ladies," he added with a sudden hint of humanity, "sometimes allow themselves whims in making their wills. I think a stay of a week will be all that's necessary."

I left the office, walked out into the bright daylight. Ten thousand pounds. I was rich. What would I do with it? I had no idea.

Tom Mayhew met me at Westerhill Station. This was a surprise. "How did you know I was coming?"

"You forget," he said with a smile, "that I'm now assistant editor of the Gazette. When one of our former citizens is mentioned in a rich woman's will, I get to hear of it."

Before I went to the hotel he took me home to meet his wife. As soon as I saw Jean Mayhew I knew I had been right all those years ago at the Christmas dance. She was tall and dark; she had a certain look, though not the same striking beauty, of Lois. A man may fall in love many times, but it is always with the same type of woman. I envied him; he had found happiness, content, work which absorbed him.

He drove me to the hotel. "I must have a photograph of you. For a little piece in the paper." I made a sound of protest. "Don't worry, you can vet it before it goes in. It's an interesting story, you must agree. You wouldn't grudge it to me, surely?" But he asked no questions about my return, told me no news, offered no comments. It was as if we had an unspoken agreement not to refer to the past.

Next day I rose early, walked boldly up to the Manor. I would face it without shrinking, see it in its new beauty before obliterating it from my heart for ever.

The farm looked well-tended, the fields already showing the new young crops, the hedges trim and straight. The beat of machinery sounded in the distance, pulsing, monotonous, insistent.

And then at the turn of the road I came upon the entrance to the Manor.

The graceful gates were tied up with wire, the wrought iron covered with rust. I stood in anguish looking at them, forced myself to go on, climbed over a stile I knew from long ago.

The long winding drive was cracked now with weeds; the trees arched high overhead, casting a pattern of narrow stripes across the worn gravel.

Around a bend I came upon the Manor, crying out at the sight. A line of washing was strung along one side of the proud old house. The beautiful semi-circular sweep of lovingly patterned brick steps was grassed over, the little wall in front of the lake was crumbling away. But there were sounds of life, signs of activity, the cries of children, the call of women's voices. I could go no further, turned back into town, found Tom Mayhew in his office.

"Why didn't you tell me? Why did you let me go, not knowing?"

To page 66

SHADOWS ON THE WATER

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD



home permanently at Westerhill now, went away at weekends to visit Martin, rode, danced, flashed her way about the countryside, stopping sometimes to speak to me with careless good will now that I had been effectively routed.

I left school; I became a student nurse. The days flew by on wings. I was always tired, too tired to think, too tired to grieve.

My father had almost decided on a move. I went home once a week and would find him shaking his head over the accounts that piled up inexorably. "It's only a matter of time now. I'll lose this job soon, anyway; they won't be able to pay my salary much longer." He glanced at me suddenly. "Would you mind if we left this place?"

I was content enough that they should move. I would just as soon not pay my weekly visit to Westerhill, where sometimes Martin might be at home for the vacation. And Lois would be there as always, walking beside him, the pair of them greeting me with bright falseness.

I stood up. "No, I don't mind. I would rather like a change." I said goodbye, went out of the farmhouse, began to walk back up the incline to catch the bus.

On the brow of the hill I saw the bright coats and the gleaming hides, heard the baying, the shouts, and laughter of the hunt. Behind me a motorist climbed his way upwards. The huntsman waved an imperious hand, indicating that we should stop. I stood back into the hedge, obliterating myself.

Mrs. Warrender led the riders, laughing and chatting to a man at her side.

day she opened her great dark eyes, looked at her husband, at Martin, moved her lips a little as if she would speak, and then quietly died.

"I can't go to the funeral," I told Tom Mayhew. "It's cruel to ask me." But he made me go. He took me himself, standing beside me in the October rain, holding my hand, talking to me gently as I began to cry.

The tiny churchyard was full of people. Dr. Warrender looked like a man stunned by some incomprehensible blow. Martin was there, with Lois beside him. None of them saw me; I was only one of innumerable faces, scarcely registered.

There is a point beyond which all at once it is impossible to continue. I must leave Westerhill at once and for ever.

The evening paper displayed several advertisements for nurses. Although I had not finished my training, I could apply for a private post. I went the very next day to the local hotel to see a Mrs. Knight who had advertised for a nurse-companion to accompany her abroad.

She was a shrewd-eyed old lady with a kindly voice. "I have a bad heart. I may last for years, or I may die all in a moment. But I like to travel. I want someone young and strong to look after me. I intend to enjoy what time is left to me."

I nodded. "I would be free to leave almost at once."

"You are running away from something." It was a statement, not a question. "You ask for no details, make no mention of salary or conditions. All you care about is that you could go abroad, that you could leave at once."

I said nothing. She smiled and sighed. "But who am I to question good luck. You'd



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FEATURES
JOKES 16
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He gave a sigh. "How was I to realise you didn't know? . . . And you didn't exactly invite information. They couldn't sell the place well; it was too big, too far gone. Someone bought it for a song, turned it into flats. Seven or eight families live there now. Don't go back again if it hurts."

"And Dr. Warrender?" I asked at last. "What became of him?"

"He went abroad as soon as the place was sold, volunteered as a doctor in a refugee camp. He died last year of fever."

I couldn't bring myself to speak of Martin. But he answered my unspoken question. "Martin is Dr. Warrender now. He's at the hospital in Milford; they think he has a brilliant future."

Neither of us mentioned Lois. I wondered how she liked being married to a hospital doctor, if she

Continued from page 65

had reconciled herself to the loss of the Manor.

I had six more days to wait. I wouldn't go to Westerhill again. But how to occupy myself? I couldn't visit old friends in the hospital, for Martin might be there, passing me by in a corridor, not seeing me perhaps, or jolted into sudden embarrassed recognition.

But I did go back to Westerhill. I went back in the evening when darkness and moonlight had softened the cruel blows of time and neglect, when the cries of children were stilled, the families hushed behind curtains.

I stood by the lake and the crumbling wall, looking down at the darkly gleaming water.

SHADOWS ON THE WATER

A wild idea entered my head. I could rent a flat at Westerhill, use my legacy to bring back to at least some part of the beloved place the spirit and grace of days gone by.

Behind me someone walked quietly across the grass.

"I thought I might find you here." Without turning my head I knew that the voice was Martin's. I didn't move, continued to look down at the shining surface of the lake.

"I saw a paragraph about you in the Gazette. I called at your hotel; they told me you had gone out for a walk. I knew there was nowhere else you would have gone."

Still I couldn't look at him. How turn my head and let him see the

tears in my eyes, how reveal that the mere sound of his voice still had power to make my heart cry out with longing, how meet his eyes if they looked at me as they had looked so long blank and withdrawn?

"How is Lois?" I heard myself say.

"Lois? I hardly ever hear from her. She married a Frenchman, you know, some Count old enough to be her father. You must have seen it in the papers." There was the sound of a smile in his voice. "He has land, castles, a pedigree miles long. She always had a great feeling for old places, for family trees. I think she enjoys her bargain."

I turned and looked at him then, awkward with astonishment.

"But I thought—" "You thought what? That I would marry Lois?"

"I never wanted to marry her. I was never in love with her."

He took my hand. "It was always you I loved. But you shut yourself away from me. You avoided the house, you threw the two of us together. . . . And when I invited you to the dance, you never even mentioned the note, you just told me you were going with Tom Mayhew."

"What note? You never sent me a note."

"Would I lie to you?" he asked gently. "I left it for you in our old hollow tree. I thought if she cared anything at all for me she will remember, she will look there. But you never answered it, you just stood there laughing and talking about Tom Mayhew. And I looked for the note afterwards, to make sure you'd found it. It had gone, so I knew you'd got it."

"I didn't find it — if I had, of course, I would have gone with you. Oh, Martin!" — the tears ran down my face — "all these wasted years, all for nothing—?"

He put an arm about my shoulders and walked with me to the old hollow tree. The years had decayed it even more; it had fallen apart, the old slit now a wide gaping mouth. He thrust his arm inside the dim recesses, looking for some torn and tattered scrap of paper that might have defeated the years. But there was nothing.

HE took the two remaining parts of the trunk and wrenched them apart, bending down in the darkness, searching the damp earth. I saw his fingers close on something. He picked it up, held it out in the moonlight, a loose, swinging bracelet, black and tarnished now but still recognisable, set with a pair of linked hearts.

"Lois' bracelet," I said. "The one you bought her."

"I didn't buy it for her. She bought it herself one day when we were in town on some errand." A slow tide of happiness began to rise in me, but I held out against it, fearful of its treachery, that it might yet recede.

Holding off the moment of ecstasy, I took the bracelet, put it on my wrist. "Lois must have seen the note, must have put her hand in to take it and dropped the bracelet inside. She wouldn't have been able to get it out again. Or she might never have known where she lost it." I swung my arm to show what must have happened. The bracelet flicked from my wrist, spun a long arc through the air and fell into the lake.

"Would you marry me?" Martin said. "Would you live with me in Milford? I'm not a rich man. I have only my salary." There was no need to answer. I looked up at him, feeling his arm about my shoulders.

Then I smiled up at Martin, filled with sudden eagerness. I looked back at the Manor, silvery now in the quiet moonlight. "I have my legacy. We could take a flat here, repair the rooms, make at least a part of it like it used to be." But he shook his head.

"No, my darling. Houses are places to live and work and be happy in. They are not what matters. It is people who matter, you and I who matter. Westerhill belongs to the past, we can never resurrect it."

And taking my hand he turned our steps so that we walked away from the old house, down the long tangled drive. A light breeze sprang up among the treetops. The leaves whispered stiffly above our heads as we came out into the road, setting our faces toward the new life, the future.

I glanced back only once, with my hand in Martin's, looking at the ruins of the old summerhouse at the shrubbery where we had played, but saying in my heart only a half-farewell, for one never quite forgets.

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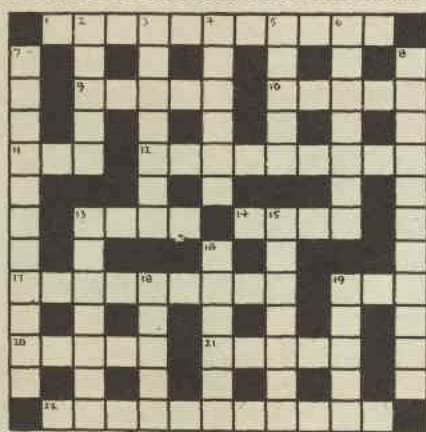
MANDRAKE and Narda have been looking at the moon through infra-red glasses — and see the giant space castaway's head. They tell scientists, who estimate the castaway must be more than 750 miles tall! NOW READ ON.



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Flying Russian high naval officers? (3, 8).
9. Examines rites (5).
10. Pass away when collapses (5).
11. Pub within Netherlands (3).
12. Sharp ditch with an insect (9).
13. Anxiety in a race (4).
14. Pleased with a stripling (4).
17. A bass drum in a small drum-like instrument (9).
19. Thus, when quoted exactly (3).
20. Have a reciprocal effect concerning a part of a play (5).
21. Comprising the whole (5).
22. Stubborn under the collar (3-6).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Consumed mostly with a round figure (5).
3. His living comes from the air (7).
4. Captain of a merchant vessel (6).
5. Keepsake in a rare licence (5).
6. A region extending over Northern Norway, Sweden, and Finland, and part of N.W. Russia (7).
7. Ale is not red (anagr., 11).
8. Share, birth, or school (11).
13. Solid ending in an agreement (7).
15. Insane, possibly because has a tic (7).
16. A tropical plant with broken root (6).
18. If it precedes it, it is not included (3, 2).
19. Loves to find an answer (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Butterick

PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.

3012. — You will be "right" for any occasion in this lovely dress and jacket. Both the frock and jacket have raglan sleeves, and the frock has a flattering, softly bloused bodice. The jacket is semi-fitted in front, with a box back. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Butterick pattern 3012, price 5/9 includes postage.

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2953. — Another jacket dress for the smart miss. The waist-length jacket has a set-away roll collar, and the dress, with short set-in sleeves, has a front-buttoned bodice, and eased, slim skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Butterick pattern 2953, price 5/9 includes postage.



2953



2949. — Wonderful co-ordinates for cold winter days. The sleeves, cut in one with the jacket, provide room for bulk underneath, and the back-buttoned overblouse and slim skirt are ideal for warmer afternoons. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2949, price 5/9 includes postage.

2949



Hatter: Cream Biscuits, nonsense! Cream is cream and biscuits are biscuits! I've heard of cow's cream, ice cream, face cream, cream of society cream, the colour cream, and even de menthe cream, but biscuit cream, never! How could a biscuit be made of cream?

Alice: They're not made of cream. They have centres of cream. Deliciously flavoured centres! There's scrumptious Monte Carlo with the jam and cream centre and all the other wonderful Arnott's flavourites like Orange Slice and Custard Cream and . . .

Hatter: I've heard of Custard Cream!

Alice: Well, now you see what I mean...

Hatter: How can I see what you mean if you keep them behind your back? Let's try one of the other flavourites before Dormouse eats the lot!



Arnott's famous Biscuits

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